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AN ALLEGORY ILLUSTRATING

THE ACTS

OF SIN AND GRACE; EXPOSING SATAN'S FALSE
REIGN; DISCLOSING MAN'S BASE SERVI-
TUDES; MANIFESTING JEHOVAH'S
DOMINION; AND REVEALING
SAVING MERCY;

WITH

THE PLAN OF ITS OPERATION.

BY

✓
JUDSON S. TAYLOR,

OF CLINTON, KY.



—
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MY SOLILOQUY.

Lo, I have written—What? Who can divine!
A brood of thoughts long kept in heart and mind,
By warmth and nursing care, have grown too
large,

To lurk within their nest, so here I am!
To turn them loose upon the public charge,
And send them rolling down the slope of time.

The Erudite and Wise, I may not please.
'Tis known to be a task of doubtful ease;
So if, they fail, and that forever fail,
T'extract from this, my Book, some sweet avail,
This man, equipped with "quill," then doubtless
knows,

Their thoughts do sweep above the way he goes.

Unless it's so, the way I go,
Above them lies, (to my surprise,)
In that event, my forces spent,
In lofty aim, to reach the same,
I scarce do know, what I shall do—
But, then I guess, I'd grow some less,
And write once more, without such lore.

(I poke some fun, then jump and run
And leave it sold, to such as scold.)

My style is coarse and plain,
And goes its way amain,
Like one with burdened heft!
All waggling right and left!
Till faster, faster yet!
He soon resolves to set!
The crushing treasure by!
Right there to let it lie!

The *plan* of my Book, as through it you look,
Is new to the last; but may be surpassed,
By the fine old ways, of the by-gone days.

Let mere *Style*, dare beguile, Truest man, if it can;
Be it good, as it should, it's a grace to all taste,
But, some thought must be brought, in each word
to be heard.

In any case, the Truth must be, its crowning
grace,
As all agree, its utmost goal, so it may shine,
Like sparks of gold, through all the line.

Now some, in dread of lusty guise,
Do feebler modes of speech employ;
And in their scanty store, despise
The wealth of words some minds enjoy.

Some are so wise, if in disguise,
They find foul error in fair satin clad,
They soon descry, with prying eye,
Abomination gorgeously arrayed.
So these, forsooth, will have the *Truth*;
Though donned in rags—vast Thoughts in sorry
Words

Will better please, than styles of ease,
That catch with brilliant froth, the common herds.

Some books I read, like precious seed, yield good
fruit—

Whilst other pens take mighty pains, just to suit
A gorgeous whim, with thought too slim, to mould
mind,

All doped with words, that please the herds of
mankind.

But one may speak the truth, in a way,
So uncouth, as offends, the good taste, of the
friends,

Truly chaste; so 'tis right, for each pen,
As it writes, to attend, to the form of pure
speech;

Thus to charm, till we catch, *style* for BAIT,
Truth for HOOK—SMALL AND GREAT, READ MY BOOK.

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Tarry-Not. CONSCIENCE makes an Oration. Conscience *links* Man to God. Gods grieve—So does Conscience. Gods rejoice—So does Conscience. Gods for Right—So of Conscience. Man being almost Divine, Satan *Claims* he must be wholly so. He now Rises as a Cloud of Light.

Looks over the World—"Its God." All Congress now goes out to Eat, Play, and Dance. The Fruitful Plain. The Pleasure Lawns. Roundelays of Mirth. Jehovah meets Satan raging. Repeats his History. Slays His Wild Logic. Satan's Awful Confusion.

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er-Witt and Old-Man Hands-Off. Speeches go on. Imagination, the Potentate, makes a Grand Oration. His speech as follows: Distresses millions [who look for Trouble.] Makes Millions Happy by Mere *Fancy*. Rules, as Monarch, a Despot. His Capacity and Resources. Works Miracles. Slow lightnings and Fast Thoughts. An Ocean Crowded into a Nit Hull. Armies Sweeping Up and Down the Hollow of a Hair. Speech ends. Congress applauds. Satan claims such wondrous Faculties are *Divine*. This Makes him a God. Another Oration---A Prince, *Artificer*, Speaks Before Congress. Shows March of Improvement. Adam Plows with a Cow-Horn. Abel Cuts Wood with a Sharp Rock. Steam Plow of To-Day. Eve and Her Stick Shawl-pin. Finery of To-day. The Whole Earth Glitters with Architecture. The Thunder of a World of Machinery. Congress Applauds the Boast. A Climax Reached. They Rest. Intoxicated with *Victories* they Sleep. 'Tis Night. The Two Gods Fly. All Round the World in One Night. They Rest on Twin Mountains. See the World at One Gaze. Satan Excited by His Own Greatness. His Soliloquy. Makes this World the *Center*. Satan becomes *Central* God and Jehovah, *Border* God. Satan's Reverie. Resolves to Take Jehovah's Rule. Swears by All Worlds he will Assume Sway. Casts a Temptation Upon Jehovah to Sit at his Feet one Swift Moment and call Satan Ruling Lord. Jehovah Breaks the Spell. Reviews Satan's History. God a *Creator*. One Breath Made Satan. First

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On Display. Takes the Medal. 'Tis Night Again. Jehovah Rebukes Satan for Levity. An Appalling Caution. Coming Darkness. Infinite Chaos Described of God. Awful Thoughts Brought Home. Night no Sun can Break with Day. Satan's Kingdom Lost in the Slush of Infinite Night. Satan Called out to show his REAL SELF. His sons of Shame, being Held Back. They *must* Come. Jehovah Calls. Satan in a Strain, as to What to Do. Calls on other Gods. Drinks Nectar. Wine revives his Wits and Courage. Bravely Decides to be Himself in Full. To Hide Nothing in his Kingdom. His Arguments in the Matter, as follows: Being a god he makes His *own* Law, his own Loves, and His own Hates. All Gods Do the Same. Each is Right. Gods can not be Tried. If THEY Differ, 'Tis Their Right. So Beelzebub consents to have all his Sons and Dukes speak before Jehovah's Face. The Play Goes on.

CHAPTER VI. Monarch SOUL-DEATH Speaks. He claims He is Monarch of All Nations, Tribes and Peoples. His THRONE is in the HEART. Beelzebub Put Him There. They Rule in Partnership. Have Succeeded well in All Ages. Troubled, However, very much by "Holy Writ"—A Book found over in Little Nation Sanctified. Speech ends 'mid deafening Applause. All Rise for Merriment and Drink. All Tribes Go out *together* this Time, except Little Nation Sanctified. They Drink and Dance. Monarch Soul-death on a THRONE in their Midst. Cheers

the Nations. In the Temple Again. His Second Oration. Holiness Fled the Earth at His Ancient Approach. He Reached this World by the Help of One BLACK-WINGS. Satan Cheers. Owns Monarch-Soul-Death. His First-Born into His Kingdom. Shows His Superiority Over King Intellect, Lord Wisdom and Prince Conscience. Soul-Death is General-in-Chief over all Satan's Realm. His Unquestioned Qualifications to the Work. The play goes on. Jehovah addresses Satan as follows: As God of Death. *Soul-Death* and His *Thirteen* Sons. Names Found in Mark 7:21. Their Fearful History. Their Doom. Rebukes Satan for Cruelty to Man. A Kingdom of Hates and Treason is His. Satan, of Heavy Heart, Calls for Music. The play goes on. *Fear, Suspense and Dread* Sat Before Congress. One Orator Explains. They Prop the Heavens. Wall Back the Oceans. Dry land Boats. Fear and Dread Looking for Trouble. Satan Rests a Moment; Calls to him his son, Ambition. Has him Talk. Is Refreshed and Laughs. Satan suddenly Loses some of his Power. He can't Tell Why. Badly Confused. Calls for his son CHEER to speak for him. In his stead Ruin Spake. Satan Not Pleased. Next he Calls for one RELIEF; but in his stead one named DEATH Appalled the Crowd. Then a Black Winged Host Flew Round and Round. Great Fear. Judgment Reigns. Conscience Smites the Cowering Hosts. The Doom. A Final Charge to Satan. His Fearful Fate. The

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CHAPTER VII. Satan Inspects the Whole Realm of Little Nation Sanctified. Anxious to Divine Her Power. Finds things not so Bad. Sanctified Nation is first, Poor; second, Common People; third, Very Few; fourth, Will not shed Blood. In all this He excels Her. Hastens back to Report. Calls a vast Hearing. Cheers with a Speech. Then they Cheer for Hours and Hours. Play goes on. Little Nation Sanctified, begins her Orations. One Good-Tidings Speaks. His Speech as follows: Happy Creation. The Lie that Killed. Removal to Nation Depravity. Loving Satan. Moral Insanity. Mercy's Watch. Mercy's Move. Mercy's Son. Soul-Life Plans for a Search. The Alarm Given. The Fright. The Charm of Deliverance. Speech Closes. Its Effects. Play goes on. One called Saint Talk-Well speaks as follows: Man, God, and the Devil Meet in Eden. Adam and Eve choose Satan and a lie. Love, Truth and Happiness and Home. The Sad State of Sin. Men and Devils Brothers in Sin. Lies, Blood and Rotten Flesh cover the Earth. Mercy Hovers over it All. Little Nation Began in Sight of Eden. Passed through Pagan Night. Crossed the Flood. In Jerusalem, One Thousand Years. Mercy's Son Fully God, Fully Man. In the Skies. In the Manger. In the Grave. Closing Hell's Gate. Opening Heaven's Door. Nation Depravity, Informed of it All. Nation Sanctified to Fill the Earth with these Facts. Her Power is HIDDEN HELP. God Present, But Not

Seen. Satan Cast Out. Sins Pardoned. Dead Raised to Life. Mercy's Son is Named PRINCE SOUL-LIFE. He thus Offers all Grace to Rebels. Speech Closes. Satan in a Rage. Stirs up Caesar, False-Faith and Self-Carnal.

CHAPTER VIII. Saint LIVE-AND-Do Speaks as follows : Love is Life. God's Finest Miracle. Grave of the Soul. Resurrection Thunder. Love, a Worker. *Live-and-Do* Converted from *Do-and-Live*. How Happened—its History. Came to Gate PROVISIONAL. Gate Called BREAK-OFF. Gate SET--FREE. Monarch Soul-Death Slain. Prince Soul-Life Slew Him. The Grave Unlocked Forever. Life From Dead Work. Prisoners Escape. Speech Closes. The World Truth Struck. A Shock of Nature. IMMORTALITY Flashes in Upon Them. He Speaks. Death Surrenders. Dust and Ashes Come to Life. The Past Comes Again. Bright Forms Floating Over the Assembly of Little Nation Sanctified. Satan Goes Out. His Deep Solitude. He Talks to Himself. Reviews His Whole History. Falls on Sleep and Dreams. A Reverie of Victory. Captures Worlds. Half Wakeful. Hears God Walking Close by Him. Dead of Night. A Touch—an Awful Shock. Sees Light Covering the Earth. Recognizes a Face Long since seen by Him in Heaven. The Same now on Earth. Is Appalled at the Indications. Sees the Future. Is in Awful Trouble. Prince Soul-Life on Earth. Casting out Devils. Satan Tempts Him. The Howl of War. Emmanuel Caught of Beelzebub. Is Put to Death.

Satan Sleeps of Rest for three Days and Nights. Soul Life Bursts His Grave and Wakes Satan With its Thunder. He Cries of Fright and Grief. Sees Prince Soul-Life Kiss Sanctified Nation and Take His Seat on High. The Bell Chimes. One called ETERNITY Speaks. Rich Illustration. The People Lost with Wonder. Dread Seriousness. Play goes on. One GROW-FOREVER Addresses the People. His Size. A Physical Phenomenon. Adam's Race on His Lap. Storms Fall Dead at His Feet. Growth of Eternity. The People Attentive. One called HELL came in to Speak. All the Nations Stampeded, and Rest For Days.

CHAPTER IX. Second-Death Prepares a Prose-Poem. The Temple Craped. Plaintive Music. Dim Light and Umber Shades. Appalling Appearance of the Temple. Gloom of that Hour. Tears and Sobs. The Points of His Speech are as doth follow: A Lost Soul. Angry God. Immortal Dreads. Cursing Memory The Gaze of God. Dread Suspense. Satan the Central Spectre. Chained to His Throne. Mad as Death from Defeat. A Storm in Hell—A Cyclone. A Quaking Pit. Explosive Shock. Wild Commotion. All Things Changed. Satan Fell. His Throne Fell on Him. A Wild Ocean, Lashed by Suffering Satan. New Terrors. Another Lesson. Knowledge that Stirs. Hark—One Universal War. A Midnight Speech. It Proposes a Compromise. All Woes Unite to Help Each Other. The Charge Upon Their Prison

Gates. Battering Rams. They Plunge off Mountain Peaks. Are Broken at the GATES. Next They Try the Prison HINGE. Then Fly to the Cope. Some Fell. Others Feared. Defeats All Round. Satan Calls a Council. Prepared a Wheel to Grind the Battlement. It only made Fire. They next Charge on Her Dormer Windows. Swords from Without. Then Plunge to the Bottom. Dig at the Foundations. Grim Monsters Soon Appear. Are Stampeded Back Again. All is Failure. Another Council. All Unite to Annihilate One. Wounds Immortal. Very Death Rises Up. All Fail. A Soliloquy of the Lost. Scene Closes. Sin Itself Looks Serious. Refreshments and Music promptly Given.

CHAPTER X. The Temple Dressed. "HOME IN GLORY," A Doxology of all these Gatherings. This Poem has the Following Points: Saintly Dead Raised. Burst of Morn. First Greetings. Recognition. Up in the Air. Descending City. Opening Gates and Circling Tables. Angel Waiters. The Wedding Feast. Store of Glory. Old 'Time Unlocks her Treasure There. "Groans""Sighs,"and "Tears" Laugh. Air Voyagers. Baby Angels Singing. Heavens Sweet Sociable. Its Echo Echoes. An Infant Talking to Angels. A Laugh in Glory. All Glory in One Orchestral Reel of Delight. Many Orations By Saints Now Follow. A Poor Widow in Glory. Her Story Well Rehearsed. A Heathen from "Sidon's Isle" speaks. Paul and Abraham listen. A Martyr Under Nero of

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CHAPTER XI. Satan in Distress. Studies Deep Plans. Resolves to Build Him a Church. Counterfeits on the Grandest Scale—Counterfeits the Bible; The Church; Its Ordinances; Its Spirituality. Marvelous Industry of this False Church. Little Nation Sanctified in Council. A Grand Missionary Move. “HEARTS DESIRE” Spoke to the Saints. Their Great Work. Cheers them Forward. The Time Short. Speech closes. Its Results. A Prayer Meeting. Self-Denial Speaks. Oft-Fastings. Oft-Prayers. The Church of Old: Speech Closes. A Season of Prayer. The Nations leave the Temple. All Home Again. The Missionaries at Work. A Great Out-Break. All Things on the Move. The CROSS; its BLOOD and OPEN TOMB. The BOOK! The BOOK. Its Lessons. Central Thoughts. The “RESURRECTION.” Clearing, Sowing, Watering. Dread Opposition. The Enemies *Plagued*. The Saints Prospered. A GREAT FOUNTAIN. Distress Gate. Life Gate. Crowds Come. They Plunge into the Fountain. Are Healed. Those Healed Bring Others. Witnesses Meet one FOLLY. HAPPINESS Pleads with Folly. Folly Pulls Away. One, Called CAUTION, Overtakes Folly. Much Ado Over Folly’s folly. Folly Plays the Churl. Wisdom meets up with Folly. Folly Insults

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CHAPER XII. GOD-HATE VALLEY. Description thereof. In the very Heart of Great Nation Depravity. Its Dismal Nights. Sickening Air; Skum of Earth; Deep Pits; Smoke Spouts; Earthquakes; Black Eagles that Feed on Children; Falling Mud; Rot-Flesh Diseases; Men Drink Blood for Wine; Mt. Blasphemy; its Perpetual Thunders; Lake of Monsters; Represents Laboring Conscience; Mt. Temptation; Its Fragrance and Beauty; Its Deadly Touch; River of Snakes;—Represents Lies; The Image of Idols; Covered with Men; Fall Dead at its Base; Horrible End; Name of the Image is, "Covetousness;" Mt. Holiness Afar Off; Impassables in the Way: (1) Falling Fires. (2) Infinite Storms. (3) Belching Pits. (4) Impassable Forests; Bottomless Lakes; Caves Full of Flying Dragons. Prince Soul-Life in this Valley. Passed Up from it to Mt. Holiness. Left His Saints. Their Toils. Darkness Gives Way. Mt. Holiness in Sight. Its River. 'Tis the River of Life. Washes out the River of Lies, Its Lake of Monsters, Mt. Blasphemy, &c. The People Bathe. Are Clean. Life-Boats. Island and Landscape rise to View. A Perfect Crown of Joy.

CHAPTER XIII. A Captive in Sand Chains.

He Breaks Them. Comes to Prison Gate. Its Artificial Lock. Comes to Mock Guards. Escapes Free. Beelzebub's Hold is Broken. Ignorance, Sloth, and Unbelief are his Sand Ropes. CAPTIVITY is a large City. DESOLATION Swamp, Close thereto. A Fearful BEAST Therein. His Legs Like Mill Posts; His Hoofs as Balls of Iron His Teeth as a Sledge. Covered with Scales; and a Serpent for a Tail; Wings as of Short Swords; his Flight. How Fearful! The Name of this Beast is UNBELIEF. He that Slew Him was a *child* by the Name of FAITH. CAPTIVITY, the BABYLON of Nation Depravity. Its Beast Had Killed all Others in Battle. But TRUTH Broke all Her Chains; Captivity City, FREE. Great Joy and Gladness. Floating Island. Superstitions of its Inhabitants. Fate Nation; King Fortuitous; Chance God; Caprice its Philosophy; THINK-SO, its Religion. Its "Legends" of (1) A SLEEPING MAN, With Semi-Sense, and Semi-Wakeful, at Times. By-and-by He Wakes into Real Life. A Man of Gold Bones, Gold Nails, and Gold Teeth, Becomes Indolent and Lascivious. Mortgages a Tooth. Loses It. Then Another, and Another. Is Stolen by "Coasters." Is a SLAVE for Years. His Lord, By-and-By, Cuts off an Arm, for its Gold Bones. Plans his *death*. Afterwards Sets Sail for an Obscure Island. A Wave Upsets the Yacht. The "Lord" Sinks; the "Slave" Being Tied Recovers. Returns to His Freedom. Reforms His Life. Witnesses of Little Nation Humor the

Romance Story. Satan has Coveted and Carried Man Afar Off. Prince Soul-Life, Recaptured, Stolen Man. King FORTUITOUS calls for the Witnesses. They Teach Him. Fate Nation. Converted from Superstition—Civilized and Christianized. A Sinner Close to Mt. Sinai, He is Set on Fire. Plunges into the Mud of Human Relief. No Better. Dives into the Ocean. Sets it on Fire. Is No Better. Springs into the Air. Sets it on Fire. Is No Better. Broods Over His Condition. Is Overheard by Apostles. At once led to MT. ZION. Ah *there*, He is Better and Fully Relieved.

CHAPTER XIV. The City of INDIFFERENCE. King Heedless: His Dream; A Base Subject in His Kingdom; The King Favors Him; Promotes Him and Finally Exalts Him. He Awakes From His Dream. Is Disquieted; Despises Even Himself. Will Not Sleep for Fear of Dreaming. Almost Dead of Wakefulness. Falls to sleep, Sleeps for Days. Dreams Gloriously. Sees the KING of Kings Come Down. Sees his Sufferings and Death. Beholds Him Rise Again. Sees Him with His Murderers in His Arms. Swoons Back With Astonishment. Calls for the Prophets. Full Instruction Given. They Leave. The King Thinks it all Over. Grows Worse. Tries Pleasure. It Fails. Calls the World. It Fails. He Again Calls for the Apostles. They Teach Him. He Must Leave His Throne, and Go With Them. He Starts. A Beggar is in their Company. The King Draws Back. They Teach Him Hu-

military. He Consents to Go. His Disease is HEART-STROKE. Is Well Nigh Killing Him. They Start for the Cure. But the King *forgot* his Purse. Sends His Servant to get it. The Servant also Brings His Crown and Scepter. The Witness Object. The King Must *Beg* his Way. His Troubles Great. Sends for Wife and Children. They come, but he Grows Worse. Sends them Back. A Swift Messenger Comes. He is from the King's Court. They Call to Him: "Come Back, Come Back." He Thinks to Go. Looks Back, and it Gives Him an Awful Pain. Looks Back Again. His Pain Grows Worse. They all come to a Gate Called TEST Gate. The Porter opens. The Beggar Passes in. Flaming Swords glitter Just in Front. These Represent *Justice*. Beggar Confesses His Sin. Passes on Through. The King at TEST Gate. A Question: "If Admitted, Will you Ever Turn Back?" Here the King Falls Down. By-and-by, He Rises to Answer. He is Admitted. A Thousand Keen Swords Trembled in His Face. He Dies Away. Is Taught to Trust. He Passes Out. Next they all Come to MERCY's Gate. The Beggar is Admitted. The King is Rejected. The Beggar Sees a Broad River. It is Swim or Die. Wades in. Feels Better. Bounds Forward, and Shouted for Joy. The King Comes To. Enters Mercy's Gate as a *Beggar*. Passes Through. Trembles on the Bank of the River. Wades In—Raises a Shout, Swims Over and is at Rest.

CHAPTER XV. The Apostles in a Dialogue.

GREAT CARE. His Complaints—Spiritual “*babes*” but “*carnal*” *giants*. PATIENCE Responds. The Spirit Starved. The Carnal Giant Fattened. In the Church; but *out* of Christ. Father TALK-SMOOTH Enters. Has a Tract, for “*Much Trouble.*” All Walk Alone for Hours. Much-Trouble Reads. Gets to a Smile. Then to a Laugh. Trouble All Gone. A STARVED SOUL. He First Fed it Praise. Then “*Gold,*” and “*Carnal Ease.*” Then he Fed it Palatable Doctrines, and “*Hush Meats.*” Still Hungry. He Fed it Science, Poetry, Arts, Paintings, Literature and Music. Still *hungry*. Then he Fed it Lies, Error, and Sophism. Grows Sicker. Uses Lotions, Potions, Ointments, and Emetics. Then Gets Worse and Worse. Following this, He Uses Smother Down; Stun Sense; Stop Thought; &c. Worse and Worse. Food and Medicine are now Mixed. Such as Go-Slow; Do-Religion; Law-Righteousness; Self-Merit, &c. The Witnesses Lead Him to the Bread of Life. He Eats and Satisfies His Soul Forever. ST.CHANGE-ABOUT. The Valley of Sweet-Meats. King Carnal. Difficult Pass, Saint is Badly Lost. Remembers Mt. Prospect, and Mt. Happiness. Is Overtaken by the Missionaries of Mercy. Change-About Rehearses His Prodigality. Fluent Gab and Fair-Ado Led Him Astray. Is Now Wretched. Is Rebuked Gently; but Encouraged to Return. They Kneel in Prayer. He will Have to Fight King Carnal. They Start Out of Enticement Valley. Travel for Days. King

Carnal is Met. Falls to Enticing. Is Rebuked. Threatens War. Is Bravely Met by St. Change-About, Now Named St. Soul-Royal. Bloody Affray. The Battle is Close; but St. Falls on Top. Chokes King Carnal. Flees for Freedom. Mounts Hill Difficulty, and is in Sight of Mount Happiness. Raises a Shout. Silly Simple on Mt. Ignorance Steering the Clouds, Represents All Ignorant Saints. *Fifteenth Scene.* The Giant of Earth. Wades Seas and Reaps Forests. Plays With King's Crowns. Laughs at War. INTemperance is his Name. Hell, His Harvest, The World Combines to Defeat the Giant. Times Greatest Battle. LITTLE NATION Generaled the Whole Thing. *Scene Sixteenth.* Mt. REFLECTION and Mt. SUBSTITUTION. Mt. Reflection Shows a Man's Sins;—Deep Conviction. Mt. Substitution Provides the Remedy. There he Exchanges all his *Olds* for as Many News. Old Eyes and Hearts for New Ones. The "Olds" Cast at the Base of the Mt. into the Dead Sea. The End Comes. Signs Thereof. Then End Itself. Amen.

CHAPTER ONE.

Now, in the evening of the ages, it came to pass the SPIRIT OF LIGHT went abroad, and was met by the Spirit of Darkness that “went to and fro up and down in the earth.”—Job, 1: 7. The Spirit of Light had the appearance of the sun arrayed with wings that fanned the poles of the universe; whilst the Spirit of Darkness stood upon the hills and lifted himself aloft till the one-half of all things was buried beneath his mighty shadow. Having *assumed* forms, which they do at will, any time or place, and in any shape or size, (Gen. 3: 1) they soon fell to words of the following kind:

Spirit of Darkness: “MOST EXCELLENT to behold, whence comest thou, O Winged Light; and what name is enough good to keep blasphemy off of the lips of all that dare speak to thee?”

Spirit of Light: “I came from eternity (Rev. 1: 8), and beyond all worlds, rolling them along by the breath of my wings, till space, omnipresent, is enriched by the lights I have hung on high, (Gen. 1: 14, 15), and my name is Jehovah,

(Ex. 6 : 3), Emmanuel, (Matt. 1 : 23), Morning Star, (Rev. 22 : 16), Eternal Life, (I John, 5 : 20), Counsellor, (Isaiah, 9 : 6), Light of the World, (John, 8 : 12), Resurrection, (John 11 : 25), Wonderful, (Isaiah, 9 : 6), Son of Righteousness, (Matt. 4 : 2) ; Desire of all nations, (Hag. 2 : 7). O Prodigy ! Flying Darkness ! whence comest thou, and what name delights to dwell with thee ? ”

Spirit of Darkness : “ I fell from countless millions that float aloft where infinite day repels my return, (Luke 10 : 18), and my NAME, after one of my great and ancient thrones, is called “ Lucifer,” (Isaiah 14 : 12), is Satan, (Rom. 16 : 20), is Dragon, the old Serpent called the Devil ; (Rev. 12 : 9), is Roaring Lion, (I Pet., 5 : 8), is God of this World, (II Cor. 4 : 4), is ‘ Spirit that worketh in the children of disobedience, (Eph., 2 : 2). O SUPERNAL MAJESTY, hast thou a kingdom, and whereunto may I liken it ? ”

Spirit of Light : “ I have a kingdom ‘ not of this world ’ (John 18 : 36), that is hard to be ‘ discerned,’ (John 3 : 3), and is likened to my Father who ‘ gave it to me,’ (Matt. 28 : 18), when he named me ‘ Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace, (Isaiah, 11 : 6). My kingdom, also, hath the ap-

pearance of a little stone, hewn out of the mountain without hands,' and set a rolling till it filled the whole earth, (Danl. 2 : 34, 35). O Prince of Night, hast thou a kingdom, and whereunto shall I liken it?"

Spirit of Darkness: "I reign a Monarch, 'Prince of the power of the air,' (Eph., 2 : 2); my kingdom is like myself, (John, 8 : 44), for I built to my own well-pleasing, casting down a mighty race, by wily temptations, (II Cor. 11 : 3), and am ready to fly in upon other worlds and capture them, so soon as I find the gates open that now enclose them in cowardly security. My kingdom is also renewed from time to time by recruits that fall thereto from the battlements on high, hurled down with broken wings, having been shot by the lightnings of awful contests that raged above. (Jude, 1 : 6). Now, may it not please thee, O PRINCE of Day; as thou art flying abroad, may it not please thee to behold my dominions, the number thereof, the power thereof, and the increase thereof?" (Matt. 4 : 1.)

Spirit of Light: "O crown of all Ambition, thy kingdoms, and the number thereof, with the power thereunto belonging, and the glory thereof, will I behold, if thou wilt also let me manifest my reign likewise; the extent thereof, with all its majesty;

and if my reign shall appear more glorious than thine, thou shalt certainly worship me. (Matt. 4:10). I and my sons will speak to thee and thy sons; and thou and thy sons shall speak to me and my sons; all shall speak, even those of lowest shame, and of basest name, inasmuch as thou hast challenged me, so shall the shame of thy kingdom be declared of thy sons with a zest: for in this, I will not allow thee to keep anything back.

“And to dash thy shame with awful confusion I will also speak of mine in fulness, that will belabor thee into straits that will certainly break thy soul asunder.”

Spirit of Darkness: “We will pile the hills abreast the skies, and make a play of all we have, till each of us shall know the utmost of our realms vast; we will ransack universal all, and tax eternal heights and depths, to furnish an *occasion* equal to our respective worth, be it much or more; or most of all.”

Now *I* was as one that saw visions and dreams, looking aloft to see the wondrous play. My bed was a cot of dry moss swung by fairy hands mid the gardens of the gods; and as the voluptuous swell of the æolian harp would rise and fall, I revelled mid ecstasies, as all seemed to float aloft

and look down upon the wild cataracts of old earth as they thundered beneath.

From ocean to ocean and from pole to pole, the Spirit of Darkness made a wild rush through his kingdom in frenzied haste, clamoring for all his gallant cohorts, to arouse the whole empire and make ready for the visit of a Foreign God, who had accepted a challenge for exhibition in comparison.

Now, as I beheld, storms, volcanoes and earthquakes, the gorgeous habiliments of the skies took wonder captive; and appalled the strength of giant reason; till the spectral hosts, flying through space, poised their wings abashed, and sought retreat from the reign of glories too awful to behold!

Whilst the Spirit of Darkness would leap from peak to peak, as midnight lightnings, in passing from one part of his vast empire to another,—seizing his subordinates with frenzied animation,—lo and behold! the SPIRIT of Light had filled the heavens with floating multitudes, in joyous play as they would swing, like pontoons of light from world to world, ever and anon bounding to the poles of space electrified with the never ceasing rhapsodies of heavenly music, serenading the comets at eve; and greeting the morning stars

with early songs of their joyous flight across the abundant heavens.

Now I looked and beheld the high hills did bow themselves, and the deep oceans did lift themselves to make a grand highway all round the earth and from every quarter thereof; so the foundation was firm, and the speed equal to the going of one that drives the comets; or of him that spreads the mantle of day.

The Spirit of Light, who begat LITTLE NATION SANCTIFIED, and the Spirit of Darkness, who is Monarch of Great Nation Depravity, are soon to dispose all hearts to hasten to one grand centre of attraction; a fertile plain exceeding high and crowned with a Temple that could seat its millions. This was so vast in size and uplifted upon its mount as to be seen hundreds of miles before they reached it. By strangely wrought lens and powerful batteries of reflection, light reached every nook and spot; whilst ear trumps, talking bells, sounding boards, and telephones, conveyed sound and utterance to all parts in utmost satisfaction. Its floors of pellucid gold; its language, one common tongue, uttered from an Ivory Throne in the center of all; martialed by the gods themselves, with utmost order; ventilation perfect; access easy; flowing with nectar; thrill-

ed with enchantment---no scene more resplendent than this, where the two gods of all space and dominions impose their presence, leaving men to act their natural instincts, but at the same time, inspiring the children of each to exhibit the NATURE of the god that is in him.

But hush! A wave of commotion rolls across the glories of the upper deep, and a going upon the souls of men, as only Higher Spirits can move; and I see the Spirit of Darkness circling round and round the waiting Temple, till suddenly he transforms himself into an "Angel of Light," and perches upon its glittering spire. 2 Cor. 11:14. But, who can describe the glory of the Light within; for Satan on the Pinnacle of the Temple is not half so glorious as a better than he that dwells within. See Matt. 4: 5, and 1 Kings 8:10, 11.

The gods coming from the poles of space have met on earth, calling their legions face to face. Being gods, they convey their hosts with divine speed and the elegance of finest fancy.

They come! they come! seas are capped with foam; air ships with snow white sails are passing over; they stream along the golden highway as currents of electricity, whilst drifting clouds like golden chariots assist many more.

But hark! they've reached the rendezvous;
I hear the chiming bell at last;
The storms that bore them cease to blow,
And now begins the high repast.

Emperor Propriety advances to the throne, and with gavel in hand called for Order; so everything was at once reduced to a breath. Whereupon Prof. Tune, from a nation called "Civilized," and a Prince, from "Sanctified Nation," come to his feet, and suggested *singing*; whilst Col, Promptness moved, and Hon. Concurrence followed with a second; as thousands cried, "Aye;" so a chorus of voices chimed in with the tune of "Old Hundred," to the following words:

Of one blood made the Lord all men
To dwell on all the earth abroad;
His care is such as knows no end;
Hence, let us sing his praise abroad.

From Him the hosts of nations come,
He's Potentate, and ruling Lord,
O'er all dominions merged in one,
Controlled by his Eternal Word.

O, move the tides of darkness hence,
Cement all hearts as one of love;
Give us thy strong and sure defence,
That we may reign with thee above.

Here I saw and beheld Little Nation Sanctified raise the loudest voice in this praise; such as had lived by her, sang somewhat; whilst the

tribes afar sulled the song aback from them, speaking of the many excellent gods, known to their fathers and given to their children.

Then I beheld Satan smiled, for knowing he is the "god of this world" and that all in the Temple, except Little Nation Sanctified, were his children (John 8:44) most all this praise fell at his feet, as well he knew.

Next they proceed to organize for business. Whereupon King Expediency arose and said: "Empires, Kingdoms, Realms, Dynasties, Governments, Republics, and peoples: I move, we proceed to elect all Officers by an unseen vote. Lord Democracy rose to a second, and the Tellers reported as follows: Right Honorable Lord Wisdom, for President, and Chief-Justice Discretion, Admiral Self-possession, Prof. Knowledge and Dr. Good-order, as Helpers; General All-speed, Hon. Clearhead, Mr. Dispatch, Mr, Do-it-Right and Sir Never-Fail, for Clerks and Scribes. Those men of renown and position stepped to the front and made a bow of thanks, and at once set to the task cast about them.

Now, in my dream, I looked and saw LUCIFER smile again; and as he smiled he said, (for he spake to his own complacent majesty): "President Wisdom is one of *my* mightiest men for it

is the "Wisdom of this world" (1 Cor. 2:6) and all his compeers are also the "children of this world," who in their generation are wiser than the "children of light." (Luke 16:8).

President Wisdom, as was premised in that first summons, that aroused all nations, and incited them to come to a World's Convention, stated the design of this memorable occasion *was to exhibit the children of two several kingdoms, with their traits of mind, qualities of heart and powers of soul.*

There was at this juncture the ringing of the great golden Bell, whose thundering tones could be heard away off, down in the plains of the neighboring nations. And I saw many wept whilst the solemn chime pealed a joyous lay; for it made those of Little Nation Sanctified feel like the end of time was close at hand, whereunto they oft looked with watchings and fastings. (Matt. 11:15.)

But when LUCIFER saw the tears of Little Nation Sanctified, and also heard a great multitude sing far up in the sky (Job 38:7 and Luke 2:13;14.) he forthwith stopped the ringing of the great Bell, for he was displeased to see any thought, that did not turn itself to him. (Acts 5:40.)

Now, it came to pass, when Lucifer had thus

displayed himself Arch Royal over all those assemblies, even rebuking the liberty of those who had left Great Nation Depravity, and joined themselves unto Little Nation Sanctified, that JEHOVAH drew very near unto him, and rebuked after the following sort :

“O Vain Usurper and Lord-in-Chief of bewitching arts, I, thy peer and more than peer, have watched the flow of thy smile, and the play of thy hand, as two kingdoms here meet in grave reverse to settle the right of eternal scepter ; till naught of chance or place is honored me, save crowded nook, or scant reserve of right. Pray, who spread the starry heavens, and built, as their palace, vaults of blue, unconfined at large ? Whose hand, (mine or thine), rolled eternal space from pole to pole infinite wide ? Whose *word*, O Potent Pride, (mine or thine), caused everlasting duration to rise paramount, the day of creation’s birth ? And yet, on this Temple ARCH thou sittest, my Lord, reluctant, slow to give my guards and saints an humble seat, or breath of freedom scant, in all these auditories vast.”

Whereunto, Lucifer responded, with crafty grace, in the following sort and way : “O God, afar, reverse thy lofty sense on all I’ve done ; and pray review my course with lighter blame ; since,

I at home, and thou from far art come, to grace my courts with guestly smiles. O Ancient God, this vast world is mine; seen to such grand advantage from this 'exceeding high mountain,' with 'all its kingdoms and the glory thereof,' and when I will, invite other gods to view this, my magnificent estate; if, with submissive look, they hail me CHIEF of all that rise in court, or walk these lawns of refreshing rest. See, now, O Restless Might, my hosts are legions here, whilst thine scarce make one think of a 'little stone,' a 'grain of mustard seed,' or something deeply lost in 'three measures of meal,' because of such minor parts. In fact, thy paltry few can well afford an humble seat mid throngs so vast as my countless offspring here are found to be. Behold, for miles around this rising centre they wave MY banner, (and not thine), as royal lines of lordly kings and queenly forms stream round these aisles; whilst thou, O Foreign God, hast only an humble name, poised here and there, abashed for want of social air. Over all this scene before our gaze, of mine, I count a million merry camps, joyous circling round; whilst *thine*, a gloomy few, sit in sombre tents with disappointed gaze upon the lively march of all my circling files.

"To be thy god, I would not seem; since gods

have no god ; but god of martial millions, now afloat before thine eyes, *I am*.

“O Guest Divine, let it please thee now to hear MY SONS SPEAK ; for I have in my realm scores of minor kingdoms, and diverse nationalities, each of which have on this ground an orator of finished parts, sent with qualified charge to rehearse all things in brief that reflect the peculiar traits of each.”

GOD OF GODS : “Thy sons I will hear, be they seeming chaste or coarsely vile ; and since I am God Supreme, and thy reign is revolt to mine, their speech shall surely betray them and thee, by unveiling the heart of thy kingdom in the clear light of my law, which is thy judge.

“And rest assured, when thy sons have disclosed the fullness of thy estate, MY SONS, as yet not seen of thine eyes, eclipsed by the glitter of resplendant dross, shall rise to SPEAK to this same occasion of all the glories of my Dominion, till of right, I slay thy pride and rule in power, where, with crafty cheat I am grossly called “A Guest,” more than WORSHIPPED as a GOD.”

CHAPTER TWO.

Now in my dream I looked over the CONGRESS of Beelzebub. And lo! It was vast, and of imposing grandeur. The heads of at least seventy different Tribes sat next to his THRONE, most of whom were primed with oratory for the occasion. His Tribes, though differing, after all, were mysteriously wedded in one amazing compact of loyalty to His Majesty, who is called the "God of this world." His *Spirit* was the soul of all, with mighty talents, diverse in gifts and kind, yet all ruled and swayed by that Eternal "Serpent" that chained the race to his arm when only two composed its whole. Stately Courts, with Royal guise, spread out in countless folds before him; and gallery after gallery circled round his central shrine. Vast intellects; graceful shapes; cultured talents; and burning genius, were there assembled; and though High Heaven adjudges it all of Ruin's realm, yet seen of eyes, that see naught but time and earth, it was splendor uneclipsed.

Though SOUL, and THOUGHT, and CONSCIENCE

full engaged, with BODIES, still erect as shaped in Eden, yet all enthralled of Sin, did show allegiance full, to that Shadowy Light, dark in Heaven, but bright on earth, that sat the god of fallen Man. Mid splendors thus arrayed one now rose to speak, whose name was INTELLECT, received and fully charged of Satan god.

Now the assembly was pleased, when they saw him by the name of INTELLECT, beckoning with the hand to speak to the multitudes, and began at once to cheer him with loud applause. Said he: "I am Intellect, and by my own divinity, comprehend truth, obtain knowledge, and reach conclusions. Mind is more than matter, and improvement is the law of our being; so we travel up the scale, making progress from the beginning up to this present, and yet of self exertion expect to rival even gods themselves.

Thus far we have become masters of the seas, and all lands, so as to make their inexhaustible store available; we have brought down the forked lightnings of heaven, and made them the great packhorse of nations, spanning oceans, whilst continent talks with continent, as face to face; we plow the foaming seas of all earth, by boiling water compressed in hot iron, and thus drive the

commerce of nations from zone to zone and from shore to shore.

Knowledge is coming to the front and we will yet perforate the earth to her deepest lava beds ; and mount the air to its utmost subtlety. Truth is the bread of the mind, and eating it we grow to be gods. We are making pyramids of books, crystalizing thought till lore and erudition are now in the estates of the most common. So cheer up, ye candidates for immortal honors, since toil and time will yet crown you potent lords of Earth."

Now at his conclusion the nations roared a burst of applause like the crash of mountain thunder ; for KING INTELLECT was promoted by the nations even from the very beginning. Then did Satan also smile as he spake to himself : "See what mighty sons bring honor to my name ; and what mighty powers of thought the god of this world employs in the prosecution of all his temporal affairs. I wonder (said he to himself) if the God that is now visiting me will not grow faint, to see the mighty strength of some of my sons of renown, and will not his perspicacity, at all events, lead him to the thought, it would be hard for any god to over ride my kingdom, since giant reason and stalwart thought

are here bestowed in such lavish endowments.”

Then I beheld Lucifer cast a look of defiant sociability upon JEHOVAH, who sat mid brightest light, that glared the arena of Beelzebub's multitudinous Congress, and thus addressed Infinite God: “O MIGHTY SENSE.—*I* rule with fluent ease by making my subjects believe they are gods with me ; nor bound about with irksome toils, or hard restraint. This I do by swaying *thought* ; and thought I sway by first swaying HEART. So known, or not to them, I live in each soul of all that's mine ; and make it just the same as one with me. How rulest thou, pray tell me O Coequal Might?”

To this, Supernal Wisdom made response: “They Rule, though *sin* is based the same as mine—to sway the *thought* by swaying *heart*, but O Potent Deceiver, why let thy great mind drift in toil of fruitless reasonings? Shall sorry falsehood make thee God, since open Revolt hast made thee Devil? Loyalty to thee, is disloyalty to ME; and to drift at ease in sin, as ‘*ease*’ is thy boast, is surest fall at last ; whilst not to know, *beyond* his utmost strains, reached by eternal search, there looms a realm Divine no man can see save by my Omnipotent gifts, brought down to illumine all this wilderness of ignorance and sin,

where thy vaunting rule makes fatal fools of all that share with thee, thy made estate.

To be a god, O Serpent of luxuriant boast makes thy kingdom *Divine*. I challenge thee, yea I challenge thee by all Infinite Holy things to prove thy kingdom is divine. Nor will I rest in suit; nor let thee rest at all till this is done.

If not divine, thy lordly boast shall slay thee with deaths, ten thousands, over and over."

Now it came to pass, when all this mighty speech was made of God to Fallen Pride, restraining wrath (to seem at ease) Beelzebub, thus addressed the Lord Supreme: "'Divine'—sacred speech—I am divine, as shall appear in speeches fine: my law, my rule, my sons, my dukes, all divine; as now I will show in brief array of much I have in store, with which to crowd these days with success untold. 'Divine,' thou sayest, O Lofty Judge; I swear by all I have I *prove* my kingdom is divine; by *three* eternal thoughts which first, second and third, I now suggest to ease, at once, thy laboring mind—I am a god, first of all in Inner Resource; then as truly one in Outer Display; and as gods and their subjects are happy withall, a god I am fully shown in the endless rounds of joy and fun my kingdom yields its countless hosts. So, here refuting God, I stay my cause."

Following all this was one by the name of LANGUAGE who had served the nations from the beginning, imposing on some rich gifts, and on others fewer and feebler words.

He made a gladsome salute, and proceeded as follows: “I do the talking of earth, and lay a gift of words, and utterance upon every tongue of Adam’s sons, except a rare denial here and there, I have left in mute silence to teach others the value of my gifts. I grow, both in number, and in kind; for from *one* we have increased to thousands, having deposited rich stores in the archives of the Orient, no more articulated among men. So I am rolling on, as a rapid river of ocean breadth, bearing upon my crested bosom the story of woes, and of wonders; the prophecies of weal, and the records of unalterable doom; the chafings of cruelty, and the stories of mercy; the ceaseless wranglings of ten thousand religions, and all the deeds of blundering mortals, with truth, lies, oaths, vulgarities, songs, prayers, histories and sciences, all these in one moving mass borne abreast upon the mountain wave of my swelling currents. I am legion; for, in the English alone, I have a store of one hundred thousand words, saying nothing of thousands of other tongues, idioms and dialects; so with these I bear

the thinking world onward from age to age uniting all generations in one vast brotherhood of thought and sentiment. I voice the heart and feelings of men and gods, and work divine ends and purposes throughout all worlds and that for time and unmeasured duration. I said: "Let there be light," and very soon swung down from heaven, to illumine the depths of eternal chaos that rolled beneath till bottomless night was all aglow with searching day. No god has wrought without *my help*; and *man* was born of pregnant words."

Thus it came to pass as he ended his wondrous story, many met him and crowned him with wreaths, laurels and glittering diadems. Satan also spake in his own praise, as follows: "Certainly with the many tongues my tribes possess I can beseige and utterly nonplus all those gods whose kingdoms enjoy the use of only one language. Let other gods draw nigh and behold the matchless excellence of my dominion as seen in the orders now passing before me from day to day. What god is there that has grown in numbers and prospects as I, even whose godship is denied and that by Respectful Guests!"

After this a Prince of great power, with a Potentate of mighty sway, stood before the congregation greeting each other, hand in hand, whilst

they thus discoursed in the hearing of all the people: "I reach conclusions by the use of facts and truths in the premises; and my name is MEDITATION AT WORK. I pass from low to loftiest range; for the wisest things that wisest gods reveal I wreath in around my brow, as crown of all I am."

POTENTATE-INSTINCT; "Whilst I use neither truth, facts, nor yet reason, I *know*, without labor or study, lessons that seem divine; thus acting with the independence of a god. I take immediate care of all my subjects so soon as they enter my kingdom, infants wisely turning to the source of all their wants. Yea, Instinctive impulse is mysterious greatness in man, as hard to be understood as Sovereign volition in the order of highest gods."

REASON: "From childhood to manhood my growth has been by feeding upon the rich meats of literature, elevating more and more; till all things seem to succumb at my feet, whilst I reign in grand supremacy. Thus I climb the ladder of meditation till I reach wisdom's lofty summit where flames the lustre of realms divine!!

INSTINCT: "I was born upon my acme, so when I first awoke into existence I found myself upon the throne of my empire, governing, as it were, by

divine inspiration. Now it is much of the time mankind can scarce tell whether it is my hand, or thine, that reins him along the way of life; for whilst Reason extracts wisdom out of truth, *instinct is wisdom*, without either knowledge or reflection."

REASON: "Yea, neighbor Instinct, we have long ruled together and been of mutual help through many vicissitudes; for our sway is inseparably blended. We reign as twin Kings, the crown of man's mightiest glory."

Now in the endings of these mutual dealings, there was a burst of applause from Satan's Congress, whilst ten thousand strong men shook hands with each other over the GREAT CHARACTER awarded mankind, though called the sons of Satan.

His Satanic Majesty also smiled, as he said to himself: "My kingdom *is* divine; or divine things take human shape; so in any sense, divine it is, with all things high or low, except this jealous God. So let my god-like Dukes come on, to prove *me* god, and more; even ARCH-god, though wronged with jealous taunt, and chafed with challenge of immodest aim." But the grand play of Beelzebub's Courts went on; and Satan's greed, for *name* DIVINE, caused another son to speak.

Said he: "My name is PERSEVERANCE. A god,

in the very nature of things, can not *fail*; and Perseverance hardly knows that that word is framed for human speech. He knows of conflicts dire and victories rare; having slain in bravest war myriads of opposers that rose and fell, along the long line of six thousand years; but, “fail” he has scarcely seen in ten thousand circuits made around this world of countless aims and busy does.” Then he mixed a cunning play illustrative of his witty words. He took a hoop and said: “We are like this hoop; for No-End is my name.” He then pointed to day and night and said: “We resemble day and night, which stay not for naught that bids them halt; for No-Halt is my name.” Then he cited us to the ceaseless pouring of a thundering cataract that made the earth quiver beneath its incessant fall—as he said: “Stay-Not is our name.” After that he turned his captivated audience to a vast river—that sank its everlasting floods into the hollow earth beneath and thus remarked: “We are like that, all that, for Sink-Trouble is our name.” Then he took his seat, leaving the masses full jolly with the plan of his presentation.

But Satan had another son, who made him proud in all this war, that sought the *name* of being *god*; whom now he charged to speak and crown his

store, that proves that Beelzebub is divine. So all the courts and halls of Congress, Lucifer's stately Home, gave heedful care, as one by the sacred name of CONSCIENCE took the stand, with flaming speech, to orate the best estate of all in Satan's gaudy plan. Said he: "Conscience is the *divine* in man, and keeps him nigh the Eternal Throne that sways eternal all. It takes its stand for Royal Right, being never known to volunteer to lead in search of willful sin. Gods are said to *grieve*; and so does Conscience grieve; though sacred sense and purest light that flames from real life, till man (of some condemned, as wholly bad) is next to gods, a being grandly good. Gods rejoice; and so is Conscience full of joy, when free to act his holy wish in all that looks to God or man, to death or time, and endless hopes of fairer life to come. I scorn the low; condemn the vile; curse the base, and never walk the lines of lust, pride or wrangling hates. I cheer the good, extol the right, and teach the law of righteous loves throughout all generations of men; and engage to serve the gods from whom our store of revelations comes."

Saying thus, he took his seat mid loud applause of thundering millions, while Satan loomed an "Angel of light," floating as a cloud in

vast array above the temple spire, to view afresh the world at large, over which he reigns a god with much invigorated charge.

Then I looked, and lo, the whole of Satan's council was one tumultuous outburst of praise and excitement ; for being *men*, Satan had proved they were almost gods ; and being *vile*, he makes them feel they rank among the highest good. So seized of vague religious gush, all Congress merged the day in sacred mirth, to sweep the lawns of forests green and plash the waves of sunny lakes, as songs resound and laughter charms the woodland gay.

For hours they range the hills and feed and feast on luscious meats, bestrewn throughout that garden of gods, where richest fruits hang in luxuriant smiles from every bough ; or lay in folds along the lines of all its crystal streams.

They milk the gentle fold of strolling kine that graze in sweet repose the richly glebe ; and mix the butter of the yielding flock, with mountain sweets. They freely pluck from rocks or hanging knots on honey-bearing trees ; as the whole valley quakes with the fat of its insupportable store of numberless goods. Now as Satan sat as a god in the very heart of all this wealth, this praise, and roundelay of carnal be-

attitudes, JEHOVAH thus addressed this wicked god in following strains :

“O, Raging Pride, for many days thou hast belabored thy strength to instruct Infinite Wisdom. One of Beelzebub’s raving lies, shot with convulsed force from explosive hell, and circling over to fall upon the fated earth, has been thy long and frothy chat to prove *thou* art a god ! Thy HISTORY all forgot is blotted out from thee ; else *it* would tell thy story of old, how thou didst rise in heaven a god to be, and come plunging out of glory to fawn thy way through this wilderness of unabreviated lies. Though “Satan fell as lightning from heaven,” spralled a mass of quivering hates upon this earth, yet here he rises (though Devil he is) to be a god, and thus annul thy history, full known to universal worlds.

And yet, despite this omnific fact, the sons of earth are here arrayed to prove thee god, whom thou hast taught to lie, and feed on lies, since Adam fell. Where is thy DIVINITY now, since never more than an Angel yonder ; and vastly less down here ?

Thou answerest, THOU art a god because of divine attributes found in man, such as “Intellect,” “Reason,” “Instinct,” “Language,” “Perseverance,” and “Conscience,” claimed by thee

for thy sons. Ah, to make man a god, would still leave *thee*, Devil! Alas, for thee and thy poor logic! For well thou knowest, Intellect, Reason, Conscience, and all, were *given* man of ME; but *robbed* of all, by *thee*; whilst through this ruin waste of sin in anxious search, thou art to-day seeking proof against the truth.

Infinite shame should bleed thy blush, and lay thee in the darkest pit of night forever: for man, by thee led in sin, is not even man; much less a god, for himself, and then enough to make a god of thee. O bewail thy doom; for whilst millions dance on yonder hill, in maddest praise to thee and them, I alone the GOD OF ALL, as well known to thee, despite this awful train of speech from sons and dukes of thine, that blaspheme heaven, and land mankind on floods of billowy night, to lash eternal void with cries no one will heed."

CHAPTER THREE.

But Hark! Hark! it is the chiming of the great golden bell on Orient Hill, hard by the Temple; it called the concourse again to meet and resume the play of nations; so they came in ten thousand flying chariots entering the Temple through a hundred capacious gates; till myriads, inflamed with enthusiasm, prosecute the study of man, who is the son of mighty gods; having first been made aright, but afterwards changing gods, he was himself sadly changed to suit his Infinite loss. So nation BEAUTY sat over against a tribe called UGLY; for Beauty was vain, and loved a flaming contrast in its favor. Nation Beauty, however, in most respects, was a *weak* nation; whilst the tribe, called Ugly, were generally hardy and stout; most of them having forgotten they were homely, whilst the collection of Beauties seldom let the thought of BEAUTY get out of their minds. They were fair to behold, but had thought so much about their pretty faces and forms, and so little about anything else, their *souls* were *empty* and their *minds* exceeding *void*.

Furthermore, there were a people there, called ENVY, sitting over against another tribe, called Jealousy; and they were exceeding lean for passions cruel as the grave were devouring them. Also there was a tribe of LIARS present: *but no one desired to hear them speak.*

WEeping tribe sat weeping, weeping, weeping, at things present, past, and future; and their tears gall them, for their troubles were deep. But there was a collection of people that abounded in rapturous laughs; and this people, called LAUGHING, were more notorious for their mirth, levity of heart, and jollity of soul, than for any other virtue or vice.

Also in their midst was SOCIAL tribe who talked and talked; for loquacity was the kind of commerce in which they dealt; whilst SULLEN tribe talked but little, and very much disliked those who did. Laughing tribe and Talking tribe were together much of their time; whilst Weeping tribe sat over, neighbor to a people called MELANCHOLY, and were oft provoked at the exceeding good humor of the Laughters and Talkers.

So also a community, called GOOD-TO-BORROW, were located close to a community styled, very appropriately, POOR-TO-LOAN; neither did they fancy each others ways, and soon as convenient,

Good-to-Borrow got as far off from Poor-to-Loan as possible; for these two never did get along well together.

But when WISH-TO-MARRY came in and found also a numerous community already seated, by the quaint name of MARRIAGEABLE, they wished not to be seated too far from them; so they waited upon each other with committees to know what about it; and after many efforts and a grand change all round, finally got in lovely distance of each other, and set loving as a luscious game.

Furthermore there was the people, called RICH-AND-TIGHT, surrounded by a people having the vulgar name of HARD-UP, and the two in most cases despised each other; yet were in many respects very dependent upon each other; nevertheless their associations were scant; for "the rich did often oppress the poor."

Then did Satan turn to his ROYAL GUEST, as thus he addressed a set of words with lively praise to his own abundant weal:

"O GOD OF GODS, see how vast the room for gods aside from *thee*; since all this world, by *thy* consent of old, is *mine* to rule; whilst all born into this prolific state are "by nature" mine and do the works of their father, "the god of this world."

How great must be *thy* central store ; since all this rich *diversity of mine* is foreign goods by thee let to another *lord* to rule and multiply in countless folds ! In fact the Universe at large is held in joint compact among its many lords ; of which I am one ; for each to build it, and grow himself and all he has into a state DIVINE ; till in the race, one fairly wins all things once held by weaker hands. O AGED GOD, let thy sagacious eyes be pleased to see my rapid growth since I begun this world ; (compared with thine), of very modern date ! I do aver my splendor here bespeaks me quite a god ; even divine for splendors rich and rare flame the whole earth ; since I began to build my rival godship in this remote, but richest, field of universal space. Let me show thee now the glory of the whole earth, for it cant be a world so grand, as I have made this my home, is a world without my rule.”

Following this was one with a calm and serene look, who with a motion forward and earnest sway, made a gladsome salute and spoke as follows :

“My name is LUCK. Tis a sharp name and of happy sound ; sometimes misleading the thoughts of the people, for it is not so much *Luck*, as it is cunning, pluck and crafty industry.

It consists in *knowing and doing*; rather than the blind cleverness of FATE. We abhor the doctrine of partial chance; and propose the same conduct in our slothful, and less prosperous neighbors will give them the same desirable result.

It is not by “fairy enchantment,” so much as by attention and a tough will in the matter. Luck has two eyes; if it was blind it would fall into the ditch. Luck has active hands and steps along lively, eats just enough, is always on time, sleeps in proper quantities, and at proper times; and has no bad habits. He will not enter a jumbled up mind; nor work for the lazy; nor build for him that throws down; nor hear the cry of sluggards, that pen a pig and then pray for providence to feed it: or, of him that digs up a tree, and calls for Providence to plant it; or that spends a night in carousals, and then expects the day following to be prosperous. This, dear friends, is our version of this much abused question of so-called Luck.”

Having thus spoken, he made a gallant bow, thanking them for the seeming interest they had taken in his chat and stepped to his seat the very impersonation of dispatch and tact; whilst the crowds waved their hands and shouted him a cheer of much welcome.

Then did Satan thus address his visiting God: "O Omnipotent Dispatch, seest thou this son of my glory? And how he and his brethren have crowded all my stores with the fat of the land, until my hills glitter with wreathed estates; and my rivers run with the oil of wealth." After this the play went on; and just at this juncture, one, by the name of Always-Behind, rose to his feet and moved that these speeches should be submitted for print, so that all could re-read them at their return; and so that the millions deprived of the privilege of being present, might know of the great lessons taught on this unexampled occasion; where-upon old man Blind-Impulse cried a second before there could be a decent arrest of the mischief: for it was all thus arranged in the Compendium; so that old man Yes-Yes, who had risen to a speech, was forced to further silence for want of a place to put a talk.

Now followed all this, an interesting sight to behold; for there came out upon the platform, *three*, hand in hand, Old-age, Middle-age and Youth.

The manner of their dialogue was this: Old-age spake one line, Middle-age spake one sentence and Youth spake one; and so continued the round.

Old-age: "My days are almost passed." Middle Age: "I am in the midst of my years."

Youth. "I am looking bouyantly forward."

O. "I have exhausted the fire of life and simply stand before you as a staff of ashes."

M. "I am now in the prime of life, and stand upon the meridian of my days."

Y. "They tell me I am impulsive, rash, hopeful, inexperienced, self-willed, nothing known, and all to learn."

O. "Old men have *wisdom*."

M. "Men of middle age have *fortitude*."

Y. "I read, youth has the fire of impulse and unquenchable ardor."

O. "Having upon me the crown of many, many years, I represent about one hundredth of this race."

M. "I represent about one-fourth."

Y. "Of course therefore I represent the remaining *three-fourths* of the living population."

O. "Life has been to me a disappointment."

M. "To me a perplexing reality it is."

Y. "To me it promises exceeding much."

"Old or young, the *grave* is the common fate of all that lives," said they all at once and bowed from before the people.

Then did Martial Noble announce that a literal

representation of the three ages was to be seen on the first floor of the temple; and, looking there, the people beheld it, packed and crowded, three quadrants therefore, occupied by infants, minors and youths; one quadrant, or thereabout, occupied with those of middle age, whilst on an extreme front sat a few men of great age and palsied nerve who were waiting the last summons of time.

Then did the "Serpent" speak to his GUEST SUPREME as follows: "O Roving Majesty, hast thou ever yet, in all thy search, found a god like to myself? For the countless dust that falls from my feet, when I choose to walk rather than fly, rise up to run as men. No kingdom like mine, since dust of earth renews itself in man divine! My numbers increasing from generation to generation, till ashes here rise to men, and crown my store with intellectual might, grown from dust and floating specks that fall to earth to rise a god, and help me rule my store! Thou GRACEFUL SHAPE of wings and light, from world to world in endless flight, hast thou ever found a god so blessed as *I*, whose soot and ashes, on wing of wind or drift of tide, are made to leap to lofty life, and fill my courts with helpful gain?"

Jehovah answers: "Oh Monarch of Darkness, as I was passing peacefully through thy kingdom,

thou didst hail me to halt, saying: 'Oh Bright Majesty, tarry yet a little, for the day is nigh to hand, in which I, the god of this world, will pass all my kingdom before my face for inspection, and to shed lustre upon my crown. Tarry, O Shapeless Light, and let me tempt thee with the sweeping grandeurs of my flaming hosts.' And now, Beelzebub, as I look upon thy moving masses, I am made to exclaim: Thy kingdom is a staff of ashes and a wilderness of graves! To-day they are born; to-morrow they die. But, play thy hand, and let us see thy further pomp, since pomp it is that makes thee god. Inflate the bubble of thy pride, till it shall force thy peering head to pip the skies; so when I bring a second blast of truth to blow thy thoughts like seasoned chaff to fall full dry in hell's hot plain, thy GODSHIP claim, by this long play of surface flash, will fail thee yet, though all this while I, THY GOD, allow thee sway to mount thy claim and put thy seat on lofty shame. Thy kingdom is made of graves, as seen in yon seat of bowing age; for gods or not, thy sons all die and make their graves around thy throne."

Next came forth PRINCE VANITY. He was introduced to the assembly, by Lord Pompous, and fore-run, in a few remarks, by Col. Display, who

was in company with three others, Lord Chancellor Presumption, Rabbi Insolence and Prof. Wise-Look : Brigadier-Make-A-Show standing not far off. So Vanity began his harrague as follows :

“The vulgar regard us as vain ; but we have a righteous abhorrence of all things mild, common, of show dress, or of low estate. Even modesty is cowardice ; and what is commonly called ‘a sense of propriety’ is simply social stupidity. If you will to-day allow your superiors to teach you some of the rudiments of social literature, we will insist that proudness, egotism, arrogance, bombast, self conceit and presumption are, after all, sufferable graces. The so-called politeness of the times is sheer timidity, and the more brazen and forward you can induce your children to be, the more praiseworthy shall it be considered.

“If you can scorn an inferior and make him wither, you have taken honor and power to your name. Ostentation very much enlarges one’s store of self-complacency ; and why be so cruel as to be forever torturing one’s self upon some such racking wheel as taciturnity ?

“Much of your private time should be spent in letting your imagination play upon your beauty, your talents, your superiority, all the while ignoring any fault or personal defect.” Just here his

attending Lords and Courtiers came close to His Majesty, saying (as they shook out their golden robes): "O, most worthy Prince, let it suffice thee not to speak further; for the sayings thou hast already uttered are so wise and worthy, the people will fail to comprehend anything further." So he called a retinue to escort him to his throne, all of whom cried lustily and mightily to his praise, and a well cheer for what he had said.

CHAPTER FOUR.

So time passed on, and it was night again, and as the MAJESTY, whom Satan regarded as his visitor, looked abroad over the nations of the earth, he saw millions and millions more, all wrapped in midnight slumbers. Then did he speak to the Spirit of Darkness as follows :

“O, Sable Potentate, how dismal so much night, and what calamity that all thy subjects, from least to greatest, sleep, of stern necessity, away the one half of all their time. How gloomy this slumbering realm, for unexpiring day, and unshifting noontide pours its ceaseless glories all over my dominion, whilst here in thy reign, three thousand of the world’s six thousand years have been night and drowsy prostration.”

After this did Admiral Misconstruction arise in those days and address the President of Satan’s Congress as follows : “Mr. President, I read the 30th Article in the Compendium, as follows : The wisest measure possible shall be adopted, at will, by the Convention in session.” I therefore move the setting forth of the lessons

of this occasion be abridged, and reduced to writings, to be read by the clerks.” Col. Love-Of-Change arose to a second, and the President announced that the chair entertained the question. So it went to much discussion. Those, supporting the measure introduced, were Dr. Formality, Dr. Dry, Count-Most-Anything, Col. Wranglings, Capt. Never-Satisfied, and Rabbi Love-A-Show. Those opposing it were Pres. Straight-Forward, Chancellor Don’t-Disturb, Lawyer Long-Head, Hon. Let-Well-Enough-Alone, Dr. Extempore, Dr. Delighted, Mr. Mother-Wit, and old man Hands-Off.

Now on a vote the “Noes” had it by an overwhelming majority; so things stood as they were and business swung round to its corner again.

After this did the Spirit of Darkness lead forth another son of his kingdom, mighty in estate and wielding a most potent sway over his brethren, being much controlled by his lord and dictator the stately SERPENT, that destroyed the glories of Eden by overdrawn imagination of something better. When he had manned the assembly, he proceeded to speak as follows: “My name is IMAGINATION; and the completeness of my resources is represented in the halo of colors that circles me above, and beneath. My resource is

boundless ; for it is from my store come ten thousand times ten thousand ILLS—imaginary evils, I mean to say ; for most of the race are to this day making of me most exorbitant demands, and I supply them all. I also furnish many of the comforts of life as well as more than half of its disquietudes. More than a billion of people are in this way every day loaded from my store house ; nor do I miss the immense draughts. I am not only a monarch and a despot, enslaving all humanity with causeless fears and chimerical torturings ; but I am the source of much satisfaction, comforting millions with supposed virtues they possess not. If one imagines she is a belle, be she far from it, yet so long as she thinks she is, it is of blissful avail to her ; and so I work a deal of happiness, as well as wretchedness ; for I am always at work ; and with everybody I gather from the lowest haunts of obduration, and betroth to my estate the highest weal ; for, in the same moment of time, I look upon exasperated demons and cherubic legions.

I am the only thing that can beat the lightnings on a fair race ; for I dart from pole to pole and from comet to comet, and return before one finds out I am on a visit. I perform impossibilities, for I can entomb the storms of heaven in the

excavated hull of a nit; and cause all the armies of the earth to sweep up and down the hollow of a hair."

So saying he took his seat amid the deafening roars of a world's applause.

Satan also complimented his goodly estate as he thus addresses himself:

"To be more than mighty man, can not be less than mighty god: for if I sway this billion race, and peer above these, every gift and power they have evinced in my Congress of display, then I am *divine*.

Now my LORD AFAR, in Holy Writ, has truly said of men: "Ye are gods," as here I fully prove from day to-day.

"Holy Writ, again I quote, that calls *me* god over all those gods my sons; till sure my kingdom's vast DISPLAY is proof enough *I am Divine*."

After him came forth one, by the name of Constructiveness, and lay the matter in hand thus: "We plan and execute and so fabricate temples, towers; yea, all things, from the pyramids of old Egypt to the polish of a pin; for we take matter in hand, and play it to our wish; stones, metals, wood, gold, silver, air, water and earth.

The art began in the crude pinning together of leaves, to hide the nakedness of the first guilty

pair and the first tool of earth was a broken stick, or the horn of a cow. My people live in your midst when at home, though to-day we sit together in this temple, as a separate tribe, whose handy works belt the globe with glittering machinery, until we do everything now-a-days by implements, except the caressing of our friends. We speak across the ocean by machinery; we look to remote worlds by the instruments of our hand; and, by the same, bid the elements speak to us as to heat and cold, wind and storm. We adjust our toilet by machinery, and build a stately palace that is proudly borne by the storm over the mountains in the bottom of old ocean. Our forefathers tilled the earth with a sharp horn and gathered the harvest with their fingers; but we tear the tough glebe by means of a riding gig, and gather our grain in magnificent harvest coach. We ride in highest air, tunnel deepest earth, or wade oceans, and all in safety and ease. In the near future, we will speak of other wonders yet unknown." And it came to pass, after the people adjourned to their tents, it was night; and whilst they slept, the "Prince of this world," being host to his SUPREME GUEST from the skies, did take the wings of night to fly, one following the other, all over and through the kingdoms of

earth, viewing them by the dim torch of heaven ; and as they flew they did converse, one with the other, hard on the airy way.

God of Sin. “See, O ANCIENT OF DAYS, how my kingdom hath multiplied, since I found it good to leave thy courts on high from loves averse to thine, and build me a principedom on this spacious and far removed planet ; for now, as we circumscribe this floating ball thou beholdest, I have filled hills and valleys, covered all continents, peopled all islands, made the ocean my paths of commerce and crowned the hills with cities and temples, full of devotion to the god that rules them and casts them at the feet of ten thousand shrines that roar with my praise. Heathens, Pagans and Idolaters, I have given a thousand different religions, to suit their tastes.

“I allow any religion that allows me. But I, and this whole world of mine, brought to such splendor as thou hast here seen make war on any faith that rivals me, a god, or calls me not divine. A million faiths I have on earth to-day, and only *One* revolts my reign ; for in Eden of old, I met the same and forced my throne against its will.

“My sons, Intellect, Avarice, Luck, Constructiveness and Ambition, span my every continent

from shore to shore, with the golden arch of my harvest store; till whole nations glitter with the flaming belt of wealth, wherewith I circle the globe, the center of my successful rule for these six thousand years, incipient time. 'Love of money,' which I put in every heart, rules the whole; nor rivals me by aught of loves, as a nervous God so oft complains in Holy Writ."

Now it came to pass, as the god of night and the God of Day did fly together over all the earth till late of night, passing through his most resplendent kingdoms of all, they descend from their lofty poise, to alight upon the top of an exceeding high mountain from which they see from ocean to ocean, at one convenient look. And here the two gods sat on twin mountains, viewing the cities of half of the earth, seen to most royal advantage by each inspecting eye. "What Superlative Glories engage my sense as here I sit," said Ambitious Satan to himself, as a midnight moon suddenly rose to pour all the glories of another world in ocean vastness on this, aflame with all the gaudy flash of man's improving hand. Said he more, "By Holy Writ I am its *god*; and god I *am*; *divinely* god and *god divine*. By all the Heavens that swing around this central world of mine, making ME supremely vast, I make a dash for

Sovereign Sway ; and call this God from far to worship me.” Whereupon, Satan tempted God, on neighboring mount, to sit at his feet for one swift hour and call him Ruling Lord.

Then did Jehovah, GOD OF ALL, thus address Lucifer, inflamed of infinite lust to rule :

“O Raving Pride, thy fall has come, from the lofty summit of unmeasured boast to the lowest grave of dark defeat. Late in afternoon of one hory eternity, with idle breath as though I scarcely knew I had purposed aught to do, I, thy CREATOR, spake thee into existence. A brief stay in heaven’s resplendent day plucked thy seat vacant forever, whilst glory on high spewed thee out upon the earth. Naught FELT thy going and naught felt thy coming, save the awful blight of lies with which thy hand was foul indeed. Thou wast in in heaven by only a breath of mine ; and my unexerted will dashed thee hence, tumbling down with all thy dirt and filth till in the pool of slum I let thee rest. Now, here I met thee on the dunghill of all creation, calling, till hoarseness seized thy swollen neck, calling for SOVEREIGN GOD and Creator of men and angels, to worship thy carcass of pride ; and wreck the universe by calling thee a god. Where wast thou when I chiseled the heavens and painted the sky with eternal

beauty? Where again, when I marked the circuit of ten thousand worlds and swung them one above another to vibrate in eternal play around my throne?

“Didst thou make any one of the Angels?—Even Man was fully made when thy sauntering gaze besieged him as a target fit for stupid lies; for thy trembling step never yet pressed its way on thy forbidden march, only by my Sovereign consent. This world I made; this race of men; this air, moon, sun, time and even thee; so where is thy divinity? Can Infinite GOD cease to be, and a sorry devil, cursed in wrangling hell, take His place? It ill becometh thee to speak of man, and the spread of his countless tents around the globe, as proof thou art *divine*; for both are mine, thou and he, and all, allegiance owe to me.

“This darkened world, left without a perfect sense, so puffed as thy estate, when scanned of eyes that see in light, is *misery*’s realm and shame’s abode, the only world mid countless millions where glory is incomplete. It is THY STAY THAT HAS RUINED ALL and makes the earth a putrid mass of honors lost; cursed by stay of bankrupt souls in fearful league with thee.”

CHAPTER FIVE.

Now, it came to pass after this, that the two gods did rise to leave the spot where the awful night was mostly spent ; and leaving, they together rose for many miles straight up in the air, till forty miles above the earth, they part east and west, around the world to meet at Congress Hall. Behold, it came to pass, as Satan flew, being weary with defeat, and chafed with eternal truth he never could meet, he sleepy grew and fell again to the earth for rest. Lighting in a pleasant clime, he raised the winds and fanned the hills around, till the hollow between was filled with sweetly scented leaves ; even to the covering clear, over the tops of trees in the deep valley, that lay mid the mountains of the forest clad earth. There, this wearied god stretched himself for mighty rest and dreams that bring again his palmy days ; with brighter crowns on future wars. There he slept whilst moon and stars coronating sky with diadem of light and shades alternate blent an halo of far off splendors, touching the earth with the shadows of their inapproachable grandeur. He dreamed

of conquest and victory ; till all former defeat was out of sense and sight ; and nothing but the rise and roll of everlasting dominion stood before him. He saw thousands of gods, falling prostrate at his feet ; whilst crowns of honor came rattling down from the skies falling in upon him from worlds of immeasurable distance apart and from this, the seat of his uprising power.

O, the wealth of his dreams ; for myriads of worlds could not buy the half of what he saw and what he felt !

But he turns in his bed, braced of lofty trees and lined with mountain foliage, and as he turns he smashed a thousand huge oaks, cased in the unprotecting leaves knit about them, and with this tremendous crash he grew half wakeful or more. Whilst thus on a balance, between sleep and awake, he dreamed he heard a call from Congress Hall, and fancied, in his dream, he saw Jehovah there in the midst of all, with seeming sway that hurts Beelzebub, because of vacant seat whilst all his countless lords and dukes watched his long deferred return. Hark ! He hears them call ; and call again, till flashing into life anew, he springs aloft, and shot himself a thousand miles above the earth, before he fully knew his real estate. But call it was, and haste he did, to meet his waiting court and rival God.

Full charged, with rest and hope all restored, he went as a *whoozing* wind in haste to his templethrone, like a fire streaming across the heavens. Then he struck the earth, tossing a thunderstorm he met, at his approach, far above his head, in his fearful haste to the seat of his glory. On he bounds, till his close proximity to the earth splits open wide a lofty mountain, whilst the suck, created by his incredible speed, caused the ocean to arise and flow on after him, like the wild rush of Noah's flood, dashing, unrestrained, from hill to valley over-charged beneath. In his awful speed, pressing low on the wing, he sank a vast island, as he brake upon its mountain environments with surging waves. Rising from the ocean plain, he smote the ramparts of the town, called Soul-Rest, the capitol of Little Nation Sanctified; whilst with his right wing he swept its temple and towers far down into the valley of Edens-Ease, that nurtured the town, and kept it fat and full of every meat that feeds sacred man and grows immortal life into measures full of grace divine. So, by and by, he struck the temple where his Congress sat, quivering the earth with the tread of storm, whilst clouds of dismal darkness filled the earth with lowering night, in one brief hour after fairest sun that ever rose.

Whilst thus he wrapped the earth in horrid shades of noon-day night, to eclipse Jehovah's smile of day, all at once he loomed a light over all that host of trembling fears, till sudden day beseized it all, with Satan firm upon his throne, the potentate and chief of all he saw. He breathed on them a soothing sense of troubles gone; and a laughing gas of pleasures come, till on the play of courts did dash its coming roundelays of royal mirth and joy.

I saw in the next place one with a keen eye and bracing countenance advance forward, as the crowds cheered and called for "Old Col. Wit." He sat still for many days, till he could get a fair sweep at the occasion. Now, on a day after much ado, when he found the reigns of the occasion a little slackened, he mounted the rostrum, and, gracefully swinging around to a pause, he proceeded to speak as follows:

"Gentlemen and Ladies:—I and my fellow-kinsmen, Fun, Punch, Clown, Laugh-and-Grow-Fat, Jack-Juvenal, Jim-Jumper, Susan Tickle, Jemimah-Mirthful, Gillottie-Jolly and Abigail-Joyous are certainly here, *I* being servant of all. We came up to this feast of nations for our just equal division of luncheon and lively meats. We never are grave, even when going to a grave, or at

prayer, for if we laugh through sickness we would not be filled with such immediate folly, as not to be rapturous when breathing the laughing gas, gendered in the exhibition of a thousand monstrous oddities, as set advance in this big play. In receiving this feast, we have, at times, used chopsticks, as when running the narrow pass of some solemn question ; for only fools always *fun* ; but at other times, when mirth was graceful, we have poured it down the gullet, as if to satisfy seven headlong hungers. Ticklish, as we naturally are, we, in many instances, have maintained our equipoise most gracefully ; at other times, however, we have been unceremoniously dashed from the pinnacle of majestic sedateness, hurled along through a series of irresistible summersaults, and finally spread as thin as batter by the immoderate strokes of an old fool, who said his name was Always-Mad. Sometimes as quiet as a tornado ; at other times regaled with the profound composure of a thousand circumvolutions in a moment of time.” (Here old man Laugh-and-Grow-Fat was overcome by the strength of his weakness, and quivered a laugh that was a rouser for contagious fun ; while Jack-Juvenal gracefully joined hands with Abigail-Joyous, and Jim-Jumper with Susan Tickle ; others swinging into the mirthful halo,

all reeling rounds of potent joy, till the lively courts were entertained by the irresistible laughs of intoxicated mirth.)

Then did Satan rejoice at the sport of his subjects, and speak of dry and drowsy gods that never laugh. Now, King Politeness passed through and around, introducing his people, passing compliments, bowing and smiling until NOTORIETY was awarded him as a medal; some doubting, however, as to where *true bred* stops and *impudence* sets in.

It came to pass at the close of the day, His MAJESTY from afar said to Satan: "This day have I heard thy music, seen thy dancers, witnessed feuds and broils, and beheld the levity of wits, and the vanities of King Politeness; and, furthermore, I have beheld the eaters and the drinkers, and those who chase pleasure all the day long, and lo! all is vanity of vanities.

"O god of FOLLY, thou hast a kingdom of dross, a kingdom of chaff that is longing for the fire. Wherefore, dost thou sing with the singers, dance with the dancers, play with the players, debate with the debaters, eat with the eaters, drink with the drinkers, smile with the smilers; for this day thou hast walked unseemingly before thy God, and carried with thee millions of souls, this

night, to pitch their tents nigher hell than ever before. Instead of playing infernal machinations that reap the earth a harvest for woe, why not beguile thyself in clever aims, and night by night, camp Adam's race in tents that face the skies all aglow with the evening fires of the far off home? I am God and know the end of sin, which mine to punish only I can know. Far down the ages, I see the fall of thee and thine, even such as laugh and dance to-day. Thy Congress sits in firm conceit on the sinking arch that crowns the bottomless pit. *There* must thy kingdom sink and bewail thee in thundering darkness forever. O, thou bellowing god, whose praise is only the harsher notes of roaring shame! Beyond all worlds that are seen of eyes, there is a chaos waste, over which black and dismal skies have shed portentous night, so densely deep no sun will ever dispel its cheerless shade. On all that space so unconfined is great disease and sickening death, with every fear that I could name, and awful weights no tongue describes; all stirred in seething darkness, where countless worlds are made to grind in the slush of infinite night.

“O god of sin, *there* is thy home; for the EARTH on which thou sittest to-day is for the heavenly saints, when burnished by Him that first made it,

and then allowed the waste of thy devouring stay through all this roll of ages past. And now I call on thee to show, in truest sense, thy REAL SELF, since GOD thou hast *failed* to be. Bring forth, I charge thee, now thy sons, dukes or gods that reflect thy kingdom in all its actual parts and powers.

“Hitherto, thy play is vanity ; but now I SWEAR thee to fulfill thy pledge to me, as first we met, when thine it was, in vaunting pride, to bid me halt and view thy famed estate. Be honest, god, for thou hast sons of shame not seen as yet, whom now I call, till come they must !”

Then said Satan to himself : “My game is hard, for the god that presses me is old and wise and stubborn full enough to have his way. What shall I do ? I know the *end* is mine, but how to turn this stubborn point on my road to higher rights than ever enjoyed by me before, though long worthy of the same, makes now a moment void of play and full of burning care. Ye gods, bring me drink, nectar strong bring to me ; and nectar long let me drink, till I, cunning, rise above this shabby halt I make, for want of wits so oft displayed by me in other days. Ah ! now I feel the trouble gone. Only this, let a god be himself, and boast it all supremely good ; and so I will,

and if Jehovah boasts on *his*, I (his son of old) will boast on *mine*, nor call any of it 'shame,' as by taunt of HIS he gives it name. So let them come ; I swear I will and make them speak with bounding zest, for all they are, I truly love in them, as I find the same in me.

“And if Jehovah is not pleased with my sons, I swear by truth, I am not pleased with his ; so god, for ‘god, the matter stands. Each lord has his *rule of right*, and so may I set up my law, as sure I will, displease or please who it may. If, by my *rule*, my sons love gold, and god doth hate that love of old, as ‘Holy Writ’ so boldly says, each is right, judged by *his rule*, and *rule* is right, for gods do as they please. So all my sons shall speak, for they love what I love ; hate what I hate ; do what I do ; say what I say, and if Jehovah calls it *vile*, or seems displeased with what they say, it matters naught, seeing gods have different ways of being wise. So let them come and speak, for I am resolved my kingdom shall have its own loves ; its own hates ; its own laws that cringe to no god, but look to me supreme in all I am.”

CHAPTER SIX.

Then did monarch Soul-Death intercede the occasion with certain remarks: "It doth behoove me to open the gates, and let you fully into matters oft discussed by mighty minds, throwing light upon these dark paths, in which men are forced to walk at times. The matter is this: My name is SOUL-DEATH, and am monarch of all, for all provinces are but offsprings, and tribute bearing tribes to me and my world-encircling domain. Now, I have almost unlimited control of the dynasty, called judgment, and it hath absolute sway over all that lordly realm called Conscience; so you see at once all these powers are provinces of my dominion, contributing to my support, and do worship at my shrine. There is a small, inconsiderable tribe here by the name of Little Nation Sanctified, whom I only hold by the '*flesh*,' having no more a stay in their hearts; but with that exception, I shed forth my power as the sun doth his light.

"This world hath a god, whose sons we are, having his 'Spirit working in us.' Other gods

call us 'the Children of Disobedience,' jealous of our mighty world and its great ruler called 'Prince of the Power of the Air.' Such as hate our god call him 'a Roaring Lion,' and charge his children as being *rotten* in the HEART, as 'graves full of all manner of corruption.' All this pious wail comes from a BOOK, over in Little Nation Sanctified, called 'Holy Writ;' and yet, strange to say, despite this raving ado over the 'children of this world,' they have done well, rolling in the fat of the land, and came frolicing on down the ages past, never dreaming of any such shame charged on them by the prophets and seers over in Little Nation Sanctified.

"Yea, we have done well, despite this ceaseless ado of a Foreign God, who once owned us all, but lost his estate here, to see our father Beelzebub take it on to vast renown, and crown it wholly his and ours."

Then did the nations roar applause, and went to the lawns to drink wine. And I looked and beheld all the "kingdoms of this world" did this time coalesce and flow out together on the plains, and Monarch Soul-death was upon his throne in the midst of them, and bid them drink of his wine, of which all kingdoms and tribes took, except Little Nation Sanctified, which stood back and

used not of his wine, neither bowed the knee, nor walked on his lawns.

The Spirit of Darkness also brooded over all the scene, and applauded the triumph of his exhibition, saying :

“Where is there a god like to me, for this day I have flashed heaven and earth with the splendid independence of my peerless hosts, and still they are to come with pomp that abashes feebler gods to behold.”

As they came in from this reverie of praise to Monarch-Soul-Death, whose name is also DEPRAVITY, he crowned his throne, and spoke to his millions as follows :

“I am the progenitor of these mighty tribes, and ye are all my legitimate sons and daughters, my natural descendants, and well accepted posterity ; for they have marched forth from me by legions, and possessed the land. Whilst I live, they shall live also. I am the prolific parent of these who wear upon them the mark of my royalty, for it is I, even I, who belched the black floods that chased holiness from the earth (this first kingdom of time); yea, drove her to the hill-tops, and forced her to pinions of flight; for I and Black Wings are in conjugal felicity, controlling the affairs of this whole world. My throne is

in the HEART of each citizen, having first cast down its primeval love, and closed those windows through which it formerly looked to a god on high, delivering it from excessive light, and causing it to walk in paths well-pleasing to darkened sense, thus governing the human family not by *force* without, but by DISPOSITION within.”

Having closed his oration, all the kingdoms waved a signal of honor, smiting their breasts for a token of reverence to their paternal potentate.

Then did Satan discourse with himself and say : “This is the first-born of all my great progeny ; a son of my own heart, and an occupant with me of the throne of my far-reaching empire. Even King Intellect, Lord Wisdom and King Conscience are all subordinate to the lordly reign of Monarch Depravity, whom I appointed general-in-chief to manage all things belonging to my kingdom on this earth, knowing his unmistakable qualification to do all to my utmost satisfaction.”

Then it came to pass in those days, JEHOVAH addressed Satan as follows : “O God of Death, the whole of thy kingdom is seen when SOUL-DEATH is on thy throne, and thou art sitting by his side. Thou art the Father of Monarch Soul Death and Soul Death is the father of thirteen

notorious sons, whose names are: (Mark 7:21) Evil-Thought, Adultery, Fornication, Murder, Theft, Covetousness, Wickedness, Deceit, Lasciviousness, Evil-eye, Blasphemy, Pride, Foolishness; all of whom are lusty sons of SOUL-DEATH, thy boasted First-Born, who six thousand years ago went forth to people the earth. Falling fires, opening graves, a roaring flood, with pestilence and famine, have all stood before thy sons of shame, to correct their ways of evil; but all in vain; for thundering hell alone will break the charm of their devotion to thee. And yet thy boast is not withdrawn; nor aught of shame is found to tinge thy cheek, hard with cursed sins that mount thy brow. Being blind, *they* see no fate; but with *thine* eyes their awful state to thee is fully known. In thy rule, all is sin and rankest hates to me; as death is known to gender but most offensive fumes and foulest brood of living things.”

Then did Satan call for mirth and joy again because of *heavy heart* within. So Music plays his favorite airs and sang of national triumphs; as a tribe called Muscular came forth and danced reels of gladness, to the consummate delight of Kings, Emperors, Sovereigns, Czars, Despots, Monarchs, Rulers, Lords, Princes, Dukes, Marquises, Vis-

counts, Barons, Knights, Chancellors and all their dominions.

Following this burst of applause there was a sorrowful scene, when three men, FEAR, SUSPENSE, AND DREAD, clinging close to one another, stood forth, having one, Orator, to speak for them, as their voices quivered and their minds were too much absorbed for public address. Orator spoke for them as follows: "These three men are the representation of thousands, the world over, who are racked with causeless fears, and subdued with needless alarm. To-day they are belabored to a tortuous extent with this kind of fear. They say the earth is round, and all its hills and rocks are gradually dissolving to wash down to a common level. Studying this matter over, they say the earth will eventually become *level*, and in that event the OCEAN will at once roll across the plains and cover all the lands; and in this way, destroy the race of mankind. Now, so strong is their faith in this kind of reasoning, I find many on stilts, and others living in dry land boats to meet the logical conclusion of their premises."

So saying, the three men hastened back to their ark of safety; and as the multitudes looked in that quarter they saw others propping up the worlds with stayed column to keep them from falling.

Then did Satan call to him one by the name of AMBITION, a very favorite child of his, and said:

“Son, tell me thy estate, for I am fully bent to hear thee talk, whilst I wearied with the war of life, rest by the way for a moment.”

So Ambition fully spake his mind and heart in the hearing of his Father, Beelzebub. Said he: “We must have it; rule or ruin—have it we must, for better to ruin than to be ruled; yes, let it come at any sacrifice; we will not fail of our cherished projects. We were all born for a scepter, and we scorn not to be known and felt. The waste of empires is to us a felicitous work when it brings the golden sheaves of the harvest of honor.

“*Notoriety* is the *ideal* with us, and *Ambition* is the most savoring plant that grows in the garden of the gods. What are squandered treasures, mountains of bones, rivers of blood, if the nations, when we are dead and gone, but trump it to our fame. If roaring hell was to go thundering by us, we all impassioned for conquest, could not stay our hand from grasping a scepter, a *scepter*, a SCEPTER.” So saying, he rushed from the rostrum as in the ire of battle and looked the maniac of surprise to behold around him millions content to die in obscurity.

Seeing the rapacious greed of this satanic *imp*, Lucifer did bray a greedy laugh, and felt himself very much refreshed indeed. But a sudden loss of power was felt of Satan-god, and a trembling hand could no longer rule the unwielding presence of some mysterious might. For the son he called to speak *would not come*, whilst came one whom Satan never did intend should speak, knowing of his woeful store. He strove in vain to catch departing times and tides, and puzzled all his wisdom vast, to know the solemn WHY of all this absolving force. And so it was, whilst Satan called a much loved son named HOPE to arouse his languid life, in spite of all he could perform, another son of his, withheld for shame (for RUIN is his name), caught and held the sway till its awful dirge was sung aloud, as every soul did feel its blighting power. Satan tried in vain to *wink* him back, and keep all things that shamed his rule on earth full out of sight; but JEHOVAH pressed the former OATH of Satan-god "to show in full, things bad and good;" and thus obtained, against pretending pomp, sweeping floods of verdict truth, that robbed him clear of any future gain.

Now, as one looked over the land of Ruin, behold it was full of bones, graves, crumbling towers, fallen temples and buried cities; its forests

hewn down; its gardens mutilated; its rivers filled with stagnation; its valleys a wilderness; its roads and highways gulched, depopulated, having only moles, bats, midnight owls and the howl of destruction. Yea, I saw that destruction's broad wake did stream along the highway of ages, rising from Eden and the beginning of time, and covering even unto the terminus of empire march; for mighty kingdoms had been burried, and the bones of men, literally covered the earth with fallen nations. But conceive, will you, the consternation and dismay that seized all minds and hearts, when suddenly there came forth one on the stage, clad from head to foot in grave cloths, as he sat upon his coffin, the monarch of monarchs. Said he :

“I am DEATH, and all ye are mine, for I chain conquerors, and kings listen to my decrees. I make a harvest of nations, and deposit it in my coffers, the best jewels of earth. I am relentless, and drag down the fair and the foul alike to the tomb; for I am never full, though I have consumed men and kingdoms of men for thousands of years; yet, to-day, I am insatiate in my hunger, and unslaked in my thirst. I have lost but two captives since time began, and they, in clouds and chariots, drove up the steps of the sky, till

quite out of the reach of my dominion. I hold the dust of all empires and kingdoms as a trophy of renown, for I mark a child mine the day of its birth, and send a thrill of terror through hearts that quake at nothing else.

“These nations assembled here to-day, are *toys* of my sports; and soon I will devour you all with the rapacity of insatiable greed.”

So saying, he opened the gate of his tomb and entering it, he pulled to the door with a vengeance that made things quake as though the end had come. No sooner done than he next shook the Temple till it trembled like a leaf; and there was a voice saying: “My dominion is just beneath the surface of the earth; look there will you and see my charnel house, as capacious as all earth, is completely full.” Now all the multitudes, so oft thundering with applause heretofore, were just here ghastly pale and durst not speak; nor did this awful suspense let up, till, lo! a whole nation of musicians began to play in concert of action and that upon every instrument known under heaven, and a million voices did swell a chorus till the Temple was again merry as a nuptial festivity. They did beat their drums, they blowed their pipes, and with dexterous hand engaged all the arts of the music world; taking abreast the

whole score of staffs, with orchestral chime and twirl, till fullest ecstasy regaled the moving mass. But these spells of excited and forced amusement grew shorter and shorter. So now many BLACK WINGS were seen flying through the Temple, hissing their wings through all its chambers; flying high, flying low; tipping their wings with each other, and so did they fly down close to the heads of the people aghast with mighty fears. Now as they vanished out of sight, there was a voice saying: "This sable retinue belongs to the god of this world, going as they do all over the earth, causing men to do much evil.

"These Black Wings come nigh when the ungodly die in sin, and often sit upon the corpse before the grave is dug, and on the grave roosting all through black and dreary night. When a sinful soul is driven out of the body, the same Black Wings seize it at once; and go hissing and screaming like meanest night-hawks, as they plunge down, down, down; dashing from side to side of the clifty deep through which they fall from many long and weary days; till they reach the awful fumes of scented night."

Now following all this, the God of Glory speaks to crest fallen Satan as follows: "O Wearied Wanderer, roaming through time and gloomy

space, for ages; till thou didst one day alight by Adam's Eden, and espy the lofty liberties of a race just begun; when wilt thou cease to defy Infinite Royalty? Let an eternal blush be thy crown unsought, in lieu of one thou shouldst have caught.

“Thy kingdom vast but heeps thy shame and will the more disown thy name; when victor truth and royal right shall rob thee of thy every might.

“O, Treason God, let thy courage droop and cast thy plume, for wailing night is sure to come; so leave thy lofty pride and vanish from view.

“But tarry now, I will show thee MY KINGDOM and the POWER with which it will cast thee down, bewildering thee with endless defeat; for, these nations to thee owe no allegiance; but to me they do, ransomed by ancient council held on high ere yet thou wast; or aught had been. Thou art a USURPER, deceiving the nations and deceiving thyself; for Little Nation Sanctified, *despised in all thy showings here*, is yet to crush thee out, and become in the end the dearest COMPANION of Him who is the MAKER of all worlds.

“But if these savory words thou wilt despise, and canst not cease thy rage for power, go abroad, as I also go abroad, and strengthen thy hands;

for a shock, by and by, and thou shalt go down to the pit, a god imprisoned forever!

“From this time forward I will move rapidly against thee, and will multiply the staff of my strength abroad in the land, for my kingdom is composed of such as I take from thee, and qualify them for the choicest courts in the realms of glory.”

CHAPTER SEVEN.

Satan goes abroad to discover the secret of POWER, that is yet to exalt Little Nation Sanctified. He finds it not in WEALTH; for on traversing their lines at home, he sees they are generally *poor*; whilst the very doctrines they live, and for which they die, are averse to loving gold and getting gain. So, his kingdom being rich and Little Nation Sanctified poor, in this world, encourages him greatly to believe the prophecy, of his fall by and by, is all false, enough to please his wish. Then again he searches for *wisdom* and lofty knowledge, and finds it is not of lavish growth in Little Nation Sanctified, by no means half so much so as in Great Nation Depravity. This also comforts Satan to believe Nation Sanctified will fail to effect his great Dominion. Then he counts numbers, and lo, he has a thousand to her one, and shouts for joy at the flaming discovery. So, "What is in Little Nation Sanctified that should alarm my fears?" said buoyant Satan making ready for mighty conquests through the coming years.

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Furthermore, he soon discovers Little Nation Sanctified is opposed to war and shedding of blood, and in that he greatly rejoiced, saying: "Here again I will beat them back, and, if made to press my utmost force, will e'er I half exert myself at best feed their falling flesh to hungry and empty dogs."

In all this search to know her power, Beelzebub found NOTHING to her avail; and came shouting back to Congress Hall, (after watchful days had thus been spent) to cheer his flaming hosts; and rally war for time to come.

Said he: "Cheer up ye gods, and sons of gods, partners of mine, in this big round world, and all it boasts. Come to the front and let us repel heaven's rash invasion led on by one SOUL-LIFE, and Little Nation Sanctified, with hope of full success by and by. 'Tis only lively sport for me and thee, though "*war*," as it is called, to conquer, well; and bury all this rival crew that force me from my long nursed home, to make it theirs, and seal my doom. In all that eyes can see, of wealth and skill; of wars, and size; as well as heard, both large and wise, we vastly peer; till, seen as seen by me of late, one cannot doubt their coming fate; nor stop to scan so small a thing as Victory sure for me to win.

“So start afresh to-morrow morn, whilst GOD-AFAR parades for days to come his puny few in shortened lines and scanty files of Little Nation Sanctified.”

So saying the whole earth thundered his praises and filled the air with flying dust, to know of facts so mighty full of courage to their waiting hearts. Now, it came to pass that one GOOD-CHEER spake to the People in Congress Hall. Said he: “This world once hung close to heaven’s door so God and man visited each other, morning and evening. Heaven then opened its gates of fullest store, and poured its glories upon the Eden of man, till that day in which this god of Darkness, espying man’s supernal estate with jealous eyes, strange to say, by man’s consent, put space and mischief between man and his Maker. So man was made to change his habitation; for a mighty LIE at first mislocated his Soul, so he strayed more and more, for Treason-god, in his rage for territory of his own, put his “main might” against the human race, and swung it far away from Eden, stoving it off into this dark corner, where it has sniffed the black winds of adversity for lo, these six thousand years!

“So our race was stolen from Eden when in its infancy and carried far, far away, and through

long ages of time made to multiply exceedingly in this remote wilderness of sin and misery.

“Man is morally crazed ; with, however, occasional spells of seeming sanity ; and the strangest of all, he is made to *love his destroyer*, that captured him to this bondage, even more than anyone ; and to prefer his sore miseries to better things.

“O my countrymen, hear me in my well-favored call to your souls, and hearken unto me ye sons of death, who serve a dying god, whilst life is made to call in vain.

“The GOD of heaven has seen this stolen race in all its far reaching march from Eden lost : sent his Son in eager chase to overtake erring man, and bring us back to an Eden much improved.

“Now, whilst you sit here in the lap of this sore degradation, listen to the pleasing story, setting forth the basis and the plan of our recapture ; and *whilst you listen*, behold your chains will fall off ; your right reason will return ; and your souls will long to abandon these miserable haunts, to gain a far better citizenship, where the poorest things are better far than the best things here. This territory is ‘redeemed ;’ though now in the Enemies’ hands ; yet, nevertheless, the true Owner has made us a visit ; and through Death, whilst here he enters this cell of darkness where

we lay, filling his title right to us all; so beginning, right under the eyes of the great Adversary, his great work of reconstruction. This pall of darkness he will roll back, and thus expose to Mercy's gaze, countless millions, long chained in these walls that force our stay. The whole plan is so great it outstrips our present comprehension; for the soul of the matter is in a great UNSEEN SPIRIT, always present to brood over (no mind can tell how) this Chaos of night, till he shall cause it to transform us all into heavenly shapes.

“So cheer up ye denisons, and fight manfully for your freedom. Our head is Prince SOUL-LIFE, who is the ‘friend of sinners,’ calling to all men, saying, “I am the WAY, the TRUTH and the LIFE,” (John 14:6) saying also ‘come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavily laden and I will give you rest.’ (Matt. 11:28,29.)

“These things, however, are a stumbling block to Jews, and foolishness to the wise Greeks (1 Cor. 1:23), because *thy* belong to Great Nation Depravity, and are under the control and tutorship of Monarch-Soul-Death, to whom the preaching of the gospel is ‘foolishness,’ notwithstanding it is ‘by the foolishness of preaching God saves all such as believe.’ (1 Cor.1:21.)

“So hasten to forsake all that belongeth to Great Nation Depravity, and with stiff wills and stout hearts rebel against Monarch-Soul-Death; for if ye will so do, ye shall have peace that flows as a river.”

Having thus spoken, Good Tidings took his seat, all of his brethren *praying* for UNSEEN HAND to apply the truth just uttered, to many hearts and produce thereby eternal good.

Now Satan did look with low scorn upon Little Nation Sanctified, who, it was said, would yet destroy his kingdom with successful rivalship; and stood at the door of every man's heart whilst Good Tidings was preaching the Gospel, and with horrid fire hooks pulled the truth out of their souls as fast as Good Tidings put it in; whilst with his other hand, all clothed in velvet, he presented to his subjects his gospel of cunning fables, which many receive at the earnest solicitation of Monarch-Soul-Death, that at the same time sat upon the throne with Satan and mightily helped in the ministration of his affairs.

But the play goes on, and Satan sat ill at ease to hear the sons of Little Nation Sanctified bespeak the Truth and Power of the God he had so presumptuously tempted by arraying the world and all the glory thereof before him.

Now it came to pass one by the name of SAINT-TALK-WELL came out of Little Nation Sanctified as she sat in Congress Hall and proceeded to speak the mighty Truth, as follows: "Men and Brethren, Hearken to me in matters pertaining to time and all eternity that follows time. Moral Day bursted upon man the morning of his creation, overspreading the garden of Eden, situated on the confluence of four great rivers (Gen. 2: 10-14), in the Eastern world. This EDEN, Man's Home, was neighbor to Heaven; and a place where God—the Creator of all worlds, was accustomed to walk in the cool of the evening, and stop by the way, in very pleasant conversation with Adam and Eve, the tillers of this beauty of creation.

Now, early one bright morn a Fearful form was seen coming in the air from far, who speedily drew nigh and perching himself with pleasant address upon its finest tree, beguiled the rising day with specimens of untiring oratory. Credulous Eve, nature's most perfect woman, listened to the song of his charming Eloquence; ate fruit from his hand; and instantly felt the shock of an awful pain spreading in all of the regions of the HEART; whilst her noble form lay of nervous trembling on the soft grass, matted with flowers honeyed with

the night kisses of heaven. They had swallowed a LIE from Satan and it stuck in the soul till horribly deformed, all Eden was reduced to a thorn thicket and the whole earth marked out for the track of future storms; so physical nature might fall to the low level where sin had put Adam and Eve, the former hosts who once entertained the God of heaven in the cool of each expiring day. Alas! For the whole affair. And Satan is the cursed author of it all. He fell from heaven, and went tumbling from world to world, till he struck this earth, and, on his way to hell, stopped to sow a harvest of lies that should grow rank for many thousand years, and gathered in its fold at last countless millions, to accompany him on his way to sin's dark region. Sweeping on hither, he goes to-day with you all; a billion men and women wrestling with the sports of life, on the thin crust of time, that spans the boundless chasm of night yawning beneath.

Each day tens of thousands break through and drop in upon sweeping floods of darkness that bear them on and down forever. O how far from Eden we have gone; for time has been one dark night, and *crazed* FANCY has led us into grossest idolatry!

All this is Satan's kingdom. But Mercy on

High has watched it all, and Little Nation Sanctified, though a colony small, had its rise in sight of Eden's "Tree of Life," where its scented flowers died the day of Satan's blighting touch.

Mercy has an "Only Son," who is fully God and fully Man; his man-name is "Seed of the Women," and was truly promised four thousand years before he came. Sanctified Nation had her birth in the promise of that far-back morn of time, and has been here ever since. She is in this Congress Hall to-day, having reached this acme of time. She alone crossed the flood, when the whole of Great Nation Depravity, heavy with sin, sank to the bottom and were drowned. Centuries later, she fled from Pagan night, and spent more than a thousand years in JERUSALEM, appointed of God, where day reigned till the "Day Spring from on high" began to scatter light throughout the whole world, peopled everywhere by children of Great Nation Depravity.

Mercy's Son lived in the skies till Eve's remote daughter, named MARY, gave him a body that made him the full brother of all men. This bound him not only to man, but to man's woes; and being thus bound he dies, not for himself, but for "his brethren." In that death he reached the gates of hell, and closed them firm, till the whole of

Great Nation Depravity could be notified of the fact. He, at once, also arises from death's dark gate, and passing by the Earth with a short stay of "forty days," hastens to open all the ports of heaven, reporting the fact back to Little Nation Sanctified, who spreads abroad the glorious intelligence to the sons of men. His name is PRINCE SOUL-LIFE and his words are called GOSPEL. The crying of these mysterious words over the earth is the work of Little Nation Sanctified to the end of time, with a promise from her CAPTAIN, their labor will win in the end. The *Power*, that makes these sin-condemning words break up Satan's kingdom and bring over his long abused Subjects to gain Little Nation Sanctified, is on the earth and to-day, though ye see him not. HIDDEN HELP is His name; and by it men are brought to life; and the grave of death filled with perpetual day. Satan is cast out; sins are pardoned; and joy unearthly is made to spring up in the souls of men as they hear.

And now Prince Soul-Life, who is highest king over Great Nation Depravity, offers to pardon her *treason* against his government; accept them as his again, and ratify their citizenship in his Princedom and that forever.

"Take my yoke upon you," saith he to you

rebels. By this he meaneth, repent, return, submit. "Learn of me, for I am meek and lowly, and ye shall find rest to your soul!" By this he meaneth, notwithstanding he is Lord and King, yet he will not play the tyrant over the REBEL that comes back to him; but insure for him the very finest treatment a king can give.

"O, ye dying sons of Great Nation Depravity, flee the doomed kingdom of doomed Satan, and come with your sins and death hanging about you to this miracle-working Prince Soul-Life, the 'Friend of Sinners and Publicans.'

"At one touch of his kindly hand you stand before him fairer than an Angel; for he conforms you to Himself, the best of all. 'To-day' is the time set for your acceptance."

Then I looked and beheld Satan was in a rage, and went from hall to hall of his great Auditorium, calling Council after Council of his noble sons and lords in highest rank, to devise a way to stir up "lewd fellows of the baser sort," sons of Great Nation Depravity, so as to set his whole kingdom fully against Little Nation Sanctified. Some he would incite in the name of *country*, and patriotism, urging Prince *Soul-life* and Little Nation Sanctified were at war with his son "Cæsar," and all the laws and authority of men.

Vast numbers he got to feeding on thoughts of this sort, so as to break the influence of speeches made by Good-Tidings, and Saint Speak-Well.

Other members of Great Nation Depravity soon discovered the doctrines of Saint Speak-Well were at war with all of the thousand and one religions, so popular in the temples and high precincts of Nation Depravity the world over. In so doing they talked up a ready and enlarged resentment against the speeches of Good-Tidings and the well uttered doctrines of Saint Speak-well. And so it was, there was a third wing of opposition, based on the ground of the aforesaid lessons of Good-Tidings and Speak-Well, war upon lust, ease, and pleasure ; such as come of man just as he is born and nurtured in all the license of Great Nation Depravity.

This class became large and formidable on short notice ; so, all in all, Satan worked up a deal of hate and opposition to Prince Soul-Life.

Nevertheless, the programme held firm and the play went on to its fullest completion.

CHAPTER EIGHT.

So next, one came forth from off the seats of Little Nation Sanctified, by the name of LIVE-AND-DO.

He thus addresses the whole Auditory of both Nations: “I am the representative, both of LIFE and ACTION—*holy* life, with deeds issuing therefrom in perfect and loyal obedience to all things taught of the ‘The Prince of Life.’ When he found us we were ‘dead in trespasses and sins,’ and being the ‘Author of Eternal Life,’ he stood over our grave, and called aloud till we awoke into fair existence and came forth having our life inside of His; and His inside of Infinite Fullness. The whole process is called ‘Life and Immortality brought to light in the Gospel.’ When our much loved Prince of Life came out of his own tomb, he shook the earth so open it can never again be made to furnish another tight grave; and he so shook down the walls of SOUL-PRISON, ever more he goes with impunity right in and calls them out. In this mighty call, he uses a fine collection of words having vast variety and scope.

Now it is not the simple *words* themselves that break prisoners' chains and wake the dead to life; for it is one called, HIDDEN-HELP, so powerful, no restriction of earth, or hell, can be laid upon him, now nor ever hereafter. Those who receive this great HELP are said to be 'Born of the Spirit,' and also to be 'CREATED in Christ Jesus unto good works.'

“So it is *Creative* power that works in Little Nation Sanctified and makes her THE *power* of earth to-day.

“Now, the life we have is *Love*; the Parent of a thousand noble gifts with which the soul is endowed; such as 'patience,' 'meekness,' 'mercy,' 'temperance,' 'kindness,' 'cleanliness,' 'good works,' and 'joy,' abounding forever. Nor is this LOVE of any earthly sort, as though it could be brought down to a description, for the love of father, mother, lands, and life itself, are all 'hates,' compared with an affection so lofty as this LOVE, which is our life. Yea, it was this Love that translated us from Nation Depravity and made us citizens of Little Nation Sanctified for time and eternity. For two reasons it is *divine*; first, God gave it by a miracle of his goodness; setting it right in the heart of each child of Little Nation Sanctified;—second, it not only came

from God but it looks back to God ; holding a greater attachment for Him than for any other being whatever ; yet it loves mankind next to Supreme Jehovah.

“And this is the philosophy of our obedience to him : ‘We keep his commandments *because we love him.*’ This affection, within, leads the whole life of deeds throughout Little Nation Sanctified ; and to-day looks upon the unfortunate sons of Nation Depravity with a most tender wish to lead them to accept the same noble life, so marvelously formed in our every soul.

“Now, notwithstanding, I, to-day, wear the name of LIVE-And-Do : yet, be it known, I joined to Little Nation under a very different name to that. It was this : Do-And-Live. So ‘Do-And-Live’ becomes ‘LIVE-And-Do.’

“It was on this wise with me on entering Nation Sanctified to hear its Teachers give its lessons, I first came to a gate called PROVISIONAL. At that gate, I found one TELL-TRUTH unfolding my dread state as a citizen of Nation Depravity, and the tremendous cost of my Redemption. He lay me for a dread time at the base of Mt.Sinai,till its thunders and quakings alarmed me to all things save actual death. So the Law was a schoolmaster to lead me to Christ.’

“Then coming nigher I drew up to a gate called BREAK-OFF. There was one stationed who told me I must ‘break off my sins;’ and all former habits; and break off the lines with which Monarch Soul-Death had been leading me about. Being much engaged for my poor soul I dashed them off, and in haste fled to the next gate where I met one talking to many like myself, of ‘Implicit Trust in Mercy’s Son,’ who alone could save from the wide spread Ruin of Great Nation Depravity.

“The name of this gate was SET-FREE; for the moment I entered it, I was *freed* of all my troubles, sins, and fears. ‘Freed from the condemnation of the law;’ freed from Satan’s fearful sway, and freed from death which lay upon my soul, with a sure promise to come out of the grave, and by and by be freed from it all.

“So at PROVISIONAL gate, I had to *see and hear*; and at BREAK-OFF gate, not only to see and hear, but turn *against self*, the awfulest struggle known in all this world. Then at gate SET-FREE, I not only used eyes and ears, but the ‘whole heart’ became involved in the struggle; for right there, I gave one life for another; one-self for another; one Nation for another; and one world for another. Now, seeing all this was re-

quired of me, and upon me, I called the whole affair by the name of Do-And-Live; for they told me if I did not DO, I would be damned; but when I got through and looked with a better eye upon it all, seeing most clearly it was HIDDEN-HELP that brought me through, why then, I changed my name of Do-and-Live, for one most appropriate of all, LIVE-And-Do; for it was Prince Soul-Life, that met Monarch Soul-Death, who held me in his grasp, and slew him outright. Then his voice thundered me out of my soul's grave and joined my life to his. I began to covet full and free citizenship over in Sanctified Nation."

Now it came to pass, after the Prince of Darkness had beheld, and heard to this extent those things uttered by Little Nation Sanctified, knowing they "Speak as the Spirit gave them utterance," he sat in pensive melancholy through all the gloomy night, and thus addressed himself:

"I am Lucifer, who in the plenitude of my devotion to other gods, left high courts and plunged to the depths of nether space, ranging far and wide, to right and left, for many centuries, till at length I found this remote nucleus of mind and matter on which Prince Immanuel had not yet found His track; and here formed to myself a center in the wastes of eternal distance from

all other gods, to plant and build my kingdom without rival interruption. But, behold! Another covets the strength I have formed. Already He faces my banner with His ; and shapes the embryo of defiant opposition to my reign, hitherto luxuriant with amnesty, winking at my former revolt, if so be I, a god, should worship other gods, rather than they *only* gods should worship me, *fully* god.

“Away with the morbid dream, (if gods can dream), and dream it must be, for it groans under the nightmare of visionary destruction to my long prosperous dominion. If not a dream, I’ll feed my rage against this late invasion, inflamed with a pride to rule, and crowned with vaunting aim, to slay a god and waste his store gathered by industrious innocence. Ah, more ; I have promoted even man till he is ‘as gods knowing good and evil.’ Seeing this, why should I be disturbed, and made to spend this night in stupendous unrest? O, mind within me! ruminate the past, and bring home to *memory* some long gone thoughts that will sway me into happy weal, singing of stately repose. Ah, now, I sleep! and dream my fears are causeless. Behold, what conquest awaits me! I now see my banner streaming down from ten thousand worlds on

high ; and the very stars are wayside lights, transporting my victorious legions from sky to sky. But hark ! I hear a God walking by me in dead of night ! O, the touch of His hand ! Can't I awake ? Yes. Yonder He goes, spreading light wherever I have put darkness.

“My soul ! my soul !! to call thy recollections thou hast come afresh ; for what I now see, standing in the midst of Little Nation Sanctified, is what I saw mighty ages past when I was yet in heaven ; and the true inwardness of all the children of Little Nation Sanctified is resplendant with the glories I used to behold when with the ‘God of Holiness.’ Now it doth richly manifest itself to my mind, that the very essence of all these things, uttered here by the sons of King Soul-Life, now contrasting his kingdom with my kingdom, are well like to all those things I saw and heard millions of ages past, when I, myself, was in heaven serving my equals ; so I am now persuaded, true enough it is, the Spirit of Light has transferred his kingdom to THIS PLANET, and actually set it to my opposition and cherished downfall. O the burst of vision that now greets my eyes ! far away down the lines of ages yet to come (?) (is it, or is it past ?) (I dream and mourn of sorrow, dreaming vague and incohe-

rent thoughts) I see myself fearfully straitened in contest with this God that now visits me. Ah! more, I behold my angels ‘also believe and tremble,’ as He casts some from their strongholds; and others beg for homes, not in heaven, but in mean swine; and others still, are honoring him with the cry that lusteth to know if he will ‘torment them before the time.’ Yes, and more upon much, I see myself (and is it present past or future?) for drowsy sleep and clumsy thought confuse my laboring soul this night, but I see myself arrayed in glories as never before, and casting at Him with my mightiest efforts to tempt Him into a ruinous fall, in the ‘wilderness,’ ‘on the mountain top,’ and then upon the ‘Temple pinnacle,’ till every revenue of strength is exhausted, and all in vain. O now again (wake or sleep, dream or knowledge) the whole heavens and earth combined are wrapped in one gush of splendors for me; lights and dark-nesses; thunders, armies, and blood; for I see after all, I chase Him to His grave whilst all creation howled Him down to deepest degradation; the best of heavens blushing to lend Him aid till all hell thunders with joyous applause.

“O, the glories of this hour! How complete *my* VICTORY over Prince SOUL-LIFE; for He is

locked up in a rock grave ; and dead as death was ever known to be. Ah, this is too good for a dream ; I am certainly awake, and it is all a Fact. IMMANUEL is dead ! My kingdom killed Him ; and all Jerusalem shouts with me around His well guarded grave ; this is the finest moment I have ever witnessed.”

Now, here, he swooned into a state of perfect rest, overcome of joy, and triumph ; and there he lay in perfect sleep for “three days and nights” breathing free and floating on a golden cloud, just above the magnificent capitol of his (now) unrivaled kingdom.

But hark ! I hear him again : “Oh ! Oh !! my heart breaks of defeat ; for I now see HIM shuddering in His restless grave, charnel of all my conquests ; till the roaring earth bursts it open, and a God of mightier glories than mine shakes my throne with tread of invasion as I have never felt before ! Ah, this is a dream again ; too mean to be true, for it is the cursed fumes of night that rest like fogs around my head, that genders these horrid fears. O, catch my crown and bring it back ! my scepter too ! for a sudden shock just now robbed me of both.

“Ah, I see King Immanuel in the skies ; ‘henceforth expecting till his enemies be made his footstool.’ ”

Now, when the heavy shades of drowsy night had passed, and life breathing morn began to fan the face of this weary god, it roused him from dreams and reveries and left him yet hope enough to cherish highest victories to be won by long and subtle chase despite the weight of any revelation that had thrown itself upon him through the long-foreboding night.

Peal ! Peal ! Peal ! Thunders the mountain bell as it calls the hosts of nations to the TEMPLE again. I hear them rush as waters, and roar as winds till the repast of gods begins.

So now, I beheld one coming forth to speak to the assemblies of tribes, whose name was ETERNITY. Eternity uttered true sayings, but hard to be understood, for man is not up to his lessons, nor can he see to the end of a going so far remote. Said he to the multitudes :

“I live forever, neither grow old nor fail in my strength. I lose nothing ; retain all things ; and add to my store whilst years, as forests, rise and fall ; ever learning and never forgetting things once learned, till my store will amass inconceivably. I breathed all time as one breath ; for if you were to carpet eternal space with figures it would not count my years ; therefore the human soul has in me an ESTATE of greatness of over-

whelming magnitude. I am a shoreless sea ; boundless realm ; countless store ; infinite time ; endless duration ; everlasting years ; undying, immortal, fathomless, even the life time of God and the life-time of the soul. I will last whilst one, writing, would absorb all the waters of the ocean with his pen. Let one man begin with Adam, the first, and live, one by one, the lives of every man on earth, and he shall have taken the step, performed the deeds, throbbed the pulsations, and exhausted the years of ALL, ere yet eternity shall have swung its sun clear of the morning horizon. All the hills of earth can, by one slow hand, be dropped, one dust at a time, through a golden tube long before I have shed the grey dawn of my morn. If an angel remove one grain of earth every million years, and drop it in some deep hot cave of the burning sun, the whole earth will have been transferred across the heavens long before Eternity has adjusted his toilet ; or put on his traveling garb to take his morning walk. Let me say that the happy will be with me an age, and feel like it was but an hour ; but the wicked will be with me one hour, and affirm it was an age."

Here he sat down and all smote their breasts saying, "We do well to take heed to our course in

life; for if we reap what we sow, so long as thus expressed, it is a solemn thing to live."

But whilst they mused upon a thought so gigantic, their attention was arrested by the prodigious size of one whose very tread made the Temple creak and reel as the MONSTER stepped slowly to the front; for he was so mighty he could have crushed a giant in the grip of his hand. His voice was as thunder; and he stood as a colossus, whilst he spake the following: "My name is GROW-FOREVER. I have been here centuries, continually enlarging; for I sicken not nor die, nor can I stay the process of enlargement.

"Providence provides for me, adapting all things to my necessities.

"I tread down forests as grass, and wade seas as brooks, though now only a child.

"Were you to see me in years to come, I could nurse all the nations of earth on my lap at once, counting them as ants nestled on a chip. The time will come when I can sit down upon the mountains of Asia, and with my foot push all Europe out into the ocean; for eventually the clouds will part around my head, whilst winds and storms fall dead at my feet. By and by, I will cast a shadow that will cover a whole conti-

ment, and when I spring myself upon the earth it will go together as a gum ball ; for I will yet become the GIANT of the skies.

“So as the spirit of man adds truth to truth, knowledge to knowledge, wisdom to wisdom and love to love, ever learning, and never forgetting, or losing anything once gained it, as an attainment, till a man in Eternity will transcend all present contemplations.

“O think, that in the world to come an immortal spirit will course its way onward and upward, ever advancing toward the Infinite ; and yet never realizing its end !”

Then did I behold in my dream the people were wonder-seized, and panic-smitten, insomuch no one durst speak until the lapse of time shed forth deliverance for the cowering mass. After this, came one whose eyes were red like fire, and his head did smoke with fervid pain. Said he : “My name is HELL !” and here he stopped for breath, and belched from his mouth and nose torrid flames that rose like bursting clouds circling the upper vault.

Now at the sight of this, all were terrified, and rushed in wild confusion from the Temple ; and did shake as they stood upon the hills, yea, did quake with reverential fear.

But in the midst of all this, Satan roared a laugh of composure that caught the attention of most of his Lords and Elders, till they made halt to hear what his great heroism might say in time of fearful danger.

So Beelzebub flourished his crown and sceptre over his head, as in fine favor he thus addressed the affrighted multitudes : “O, ye gods, on whom I have labored my boast for weeks and months to prove *I* am high *divine*, pray save *your* courage, and *me* the great name even Holy Writ itself hath freely given to me when it called me ‘LION,’ ‘PRINCE,’ ‘Beelzebub!’ Being thus, O youthful sons, *I laugh* at your fears, to prove to you I am more than master of all my hosts, and can make them feel never so safe as when studying the composure of my unaffected Spirit.

“Now hearken to me, whilst I speak like a god. ‘Hell’ is an old *lie* ; often used in Little Nation to scare *fools* ; and wheedle my sons into sacred measures. So come back and stand like men, though ‘Hell’ may bray with thunders of fright ; and MY word for it, his ghostly store, when fully told, will simply train your courage bold, to scorn a warfare that seeks blind fright as its favored medium, when gentle truth and loving reason fail to move.”

So saying, Lucifer thus restrained his fawning
whelps with fluent lies that made them grin at God
and fold their arms in stolen rest.

CHAPTER NINE.

Then came forth one to speak, by the name of SECOND-DEATH. He spake to them in tones sadly sublime, whilst ever and anon, sounds of most plaintive wail were heard all over the Temple, awakened by the melancholy theme that so fearfully belabored the spell-bound multitudes. Also, I beheld the vast audience room, in which the story of Death was rehearsed, was craped in black; women sitting with disheveled hair, whilst pale blushing lights swung from the lofty dome of the curving arch above. All its sombre windows were palled with umber folds of long pending palace shrouds, whilst roaring thunders in the heavens, but made the gloom of that awful hour the more horrible. The people wept, whilst some shrieked aloud, surcharged of fear and an aching conscience. Second-Death thus addressed the massive throngs:

“Wading through the waste of immortal woe, to exhaust all ages in helpless war, with God and his inexorable law, is a *lost*, LOST Soul!

“Their horizon hangs a pall of gloom; a

crushing thought of mightier doom ; for down the plains of damnation, roared the thundering blasts of an incensed Lord ; scullions and cohorts with infernal rage, plundering the soul of every hope engaged, till ruin's broad wake swept from pole to pole.

“One prisoner clanked a thousand chains of yore, chased by a legion devils or more ; with hideous yells, and eye-balls aglare, that shroud the maze with immortal dreads.

“Another cried : ‘Memory is my bane ; and more to me than all my pain ; for could I forget the crying cross ; reduce its truth to dust, and dross ; I would sing in hell of triumphs won, restored in hope, with freedom begun.’

“Another, appalled of guilt, did say : ‘Give way, ye pillars of wrath, give—ye vultures come ; pile on ye hills to hide my trembling soul, from the approach of his awful IRE—it is the GAZE of God that consumes me, from whose face alas I can not flee.’

“And thus another cried, inflamed of sense : ‘What breaks my soul is dread suspense, that hangs aloft in solemn fright, throughout sin's dark, and wailing night ; or some rupturing surge, some heaving gorge, primed with power to

wreck my deathless soul, in the catastrophe of face to face with God.'

"Now Satan, who from lofty heaven fell in haste to seize a crown from him withheld, doth graceless sit through all the endless round, lashed with wounds that reached his burning throne, so high in woe's vast realm, his peering head doth fret the crisping dome; as thundering darkness comes rolling high, to empale him with the wreck of all Satan was, ere yet his stately kingdom went to naught.

"But hark, I hear a wail of muttering grief—woes inexorable, defying relief, voices that roar with a midnight wail; intoned with terrors no language can tell. To augment woe, come forth, in angry haste, Winds, Clouds, Storms, with lightning gash; seas of wrath slopping over, with mad assault, to inveigh against the black walls of doom, entering suit for mightier room.

Now, in the explosion, upon him fell Satan's throne, burying him beneath the wreck of all his wily craft had thus done; fixing him the quaking centre of countless sins and measureless shame, around which everlasting night shall martial her spectral hosts, charged with war upon a fallen god.

"Thus he fell, a mass of quivering hates, sprawled on the dunghill of doleful defeats.

“So demisons, fearing Satan afore, now had reasons to fear him more ; for his colossal form engage did stir the seething lake vital with souls, keeping in wild commotion the whole realm of breathing darkness, and shapeless night ; whilst, from volcanoes of dismal grandeur, he would raise a royal destruction abroad.

“But listen to the champ of prisoners’ rage ; for war doth all the hosts engage ; men and devils, ill matched in every case, friends, high lords, and scullions base ; parent against child, husband against wife, everything defiled, raging in the strife : each to his foe a crusade of hell, such havoc I know, God only can tell. But look now, if thou canst believe thine eyes ; I see a form rising up to speak, as he stands far down the azure aisle, chafed with the electricity of fierceness : ‘Let us consort to batter down this wall ; let us vie, Diabolus, men and all, with fealty inward dwelling, to seize and bombard these thundering gates ; push out the pillars of this burning realm ; to leak out this quaking sea ; and plant the evergreen of peace along the sunlit shore of freedom regained.’

“Now, all the tribes of woe responded ‘Amen,’ when this cry of exasperation ceased ; and seized with revolt, as by mania, the bellowing hosts of the infernal pit assault its walls to burst their gates ;

and with the prowess of raving riot, storm Ruin's fort with maddened hope. So the insurrection ply their ordnance to the grizzly gates that mount the arch, battering rams surcharged with headlong dash plunged from long range off hell's lofty peak, to break the ramparts of colossal night. But the roar thereof, close confined, was more than other woes combined ; so as to stun with dead restraints this bedlam of lofty confusion.

“Then with pick, sledge, and massive saws, they pry the stubborn *hinge* that stays their doom ; but from some dark, some God-appointed cause, such giant dreads and ghastly shades of gloom portend their plans, brought up from sin's deep lair, they fell a prey to grim and black despair.

“Now here, they pry the *cope*, the crown of night ; scaling the towering arch to utmost height, to reach the sable-mounted pavillion ; but soon a cohort fell so deep no force could ever replace their fatal step, swept off Woe's dark mountain bluff.

“Then the residue regained their wanton stay, to muse on the infeasibility of escape from infinite enthrallments.

“At this point, his Majesty, a council called, forcing a plan to retrieve defeat. This royal court, thus bent with wise intent to excel the

schemes already spent, sought the help of art and aids of lore, as found in store from every war, till thus advised against the wall, they soon decree its fated fall. But the WHEEL no friction bore, nor cut a line upon the defiant arch.

“They then concluded to seek egress, by means of Dormer windows perched aloft. But lo! the windows fought the grim assault, both right and left, with burning swords, overdrawn by wielding arm, equipped with magic might—black imps more Satan than Satan himself, voracious to devour, till it safest was, by far, to dwell within.

“After this they seek to perforate her FLOORS; the maddened hosts plunging her neath floods for long and weary days, in route below; till, in the lowest Vault of death, they stood to execute their god-defying vow.

“But, when they reached these doleful depths wearied down, lo! they were guarded, but too well, by frightful monsters, bred in hell; so they no anguish know, or pain endure, since they, by NATURE, *feed on fire*. Thus, the explorers, with final defeat, in mutinous fright, made upward retreat, pursued by the beasts of the pit’s deep lair, abandoned their aim in utter despair, finding their doom tenfold more to be viewed with dread than ever before.

“Last of all, they devise each other’s DEATH; all woe in murderous war on one to out-do heaven’s royal decree, by blotting out long-suffering entity.

“But in that soul was breathed eternal breath, that all damnation could not check; since DEATH itself did stalk abroad with lusty life.

“Then, heard I one, in doleful soliloquies, speaking in strains of pensive grief: ‘I am *lost!* LOST!! FOREVER LOST!!!’ ‘LOST,’ a word that’s used so oft, but known of none; for Mind, though vast, is but a mind at best, too scant to circle round this awful thought, that riots in sense all bounds to elope. ‘Forever;’ what doth mean the awful sound! Duration throughout years of ceaseless round; my soul to waste forever, yet increase; consigned to death, yet not de cease; for earth *hears* to no avail, though words abound; for in its strains the Rich Man’s wails resound, with power scarce to check an idle thought; whilst men, yet free from wrath, mocked him back; and laugh like loons o’er all he said.

‘O could I but speak equal to my grief! It would melt the iron heart of cursing law, and move the gods to compassionate relief; for the felicity of vent is lofty rest, since dumb silence is keenest distress.

‘Had each a clarion, stately, tall, to pour his

thunder dumb above this sty ; then let them reek and roar, 'mid other worlds ; we'd blast the bliss of every sphere, till ours received condoling care.

“Now, Imperial Satan sat, suffused with sobs, in wreaking griefs and deep convulsive sighs ; and there he sat in night's deep umber shades, till the swellings of anguish bid him rise and seek the favors of inconstancy, till all his realm, oppressed with burning wants, in mass, did join the howl of kindred wails ; as all damnation raised a deafening roar, that shook the hosts of mad revolting doom, aback upon their lowly beds of night, as with a far off echo dies the voice of oft subdued impetuosity.”

At the close of this solemn rehearsal, I beheld, and lo ! SATAN was in a RAGE, for Hell had opened his mouth so wide, vast realities besieged the listening hosts of Beelzebub, till the former laugh of courage can no longer hide a million quaking fears. Eternal Truth had put his sword to the neck of unyielding Hates, and bade them reverence God.

But even falling Satan has his rise ; as discouraged Pharaoh, resuming maddened hope, came, even the tenth time, face to face, to *curse* his God. Industrious Sin sweeps out its own convictions, till

the mightiest reign of terror melts away before the smiling face of carnal days and shifting scenes.

CHAPTER TEN.

The Temple is now cleansed; and flushed with roseate light. Its nectar flows; and grace be-decks its every arch, and case; whilst music chimes as only chimes, when men are free from care and pain. It is the last meeting of the nations; and "OUR HOME IN GLORY" becomes the last rehearsal, serving as a valedictory over all.

So in they come with joy, swing round its long and circling aisles, till myriads sit in eager wish to join the glad salute, Providence had thus pre-arranged for Adam's lost, but heaven-favored sons.

First. (The RESURRECTION of the saintly dead; and the good of all ages assembled in one ETERNAL CONCOURSE.)

1.

To blast the seals of Death the Victor comes,
And calls the exiled sons of glory home.

2.

Through transport hope, we see the fields all
white,

The harvest of God, with its reapers bright,
As from their tombs of long and blest repose,
They rise, like clouds of praise above their foes,
Till high in the air, a union is formed,
Of the Saintly dead, now richly adorned,
In robes of day, and crowns of burning light.

3.

O, greetings sweet! mid shouts that rend the air,
As millions come in shapes divinely fair;
And Saint meets risen Saints, as friend meets
friends,

For mothers clasp their long lost babes once
more,

(As all the good of earth that wept of yore,
Now mount the skies, till one vast cloud they
float)

To meet their Lord with one triumphant shout,
Till sinners below, look lofty on high
To the Saints, as they go with the angels to vie,
As the City of God "descends to the earth,"
(In limitless light) from an heavenly birth.

4.

From land and from seas, with felicitous ease,
They pinion their flight, with heaven to their sight;
From the lonely tomb, and its reeking gloom,
At the flash of day, they hasten away
To the call of God, that gathers this brood,

To celestial rest, with its vast behest
Of abounding love, and its lofty bliss.

5.

From dreams of drowsy night they happy hail,
With passport sudden into heaven's light,
To find infinite gain on all their blissful weal,
By which they have forever cast away
The "darkened glass;" and time's long drowsy
stay;

Angelic forms ascending from the sod,
To wed the BRIDE to CHRIST, the Lamb of God.

6.

Second. (In blissful pomp they enter Heaven,
first stopping in its great Feast Chamber to celebrate the Nuptial of the vast City; After that, they begin to swing its rounds of glory that loom with increasing splendors each rising moment.)

7.

But whilst they pause upon the sunlight wing,
To hear the minstrels of sweet heaven sing,
Beginning to vie with the choral song,
By a shout on high, as it flows along;
Equipping might to stand in such a place,
Is breathed on all, as an enduring grace,
As though the feast of glory was too vast
For ransomed man's attempt at Royal Repast.

8.

Sailing round this city, vast in glories,
Plashing golden waves of sunny lakelets,
They dock their stately ship to lead the van,
Upon emblazoned shores; and take their stand
Where waiters, plumed of God, go forth to greet
This throng from the earth, their Savior to meet:
For 'tis the ready BRIDE, in waiting guise,
With splendors that outflame the richest skies.

9.

As the pearly gates are expanded wide,
The approach, to greet, of the LAMB's fair BBIDE,
Fruition's store is ready made to burst,
The Nuptial Day to crown with festive rest.

10.

Equipped, ten thousand tables sumptuous stand,
Where halos of bright forms attend each call,
With chalice of pellucid gold in hand,
To the satiate hush of the wants of all.

11.

Enthrallments here, and pangs of wasting care,
Became estates of wealth in that good sphere;
Each throe of time begets an heavenly prize,
Till dreary earth is washed of golden seas,
And wars of time are swayed of sacred peace.

12.

Yea, terrors grim, and fear's foreboding sway,

Like gathering darkness, falling o'er the way,
Spreads heaven's dewy morn with gilded sheen ;
For all we tell on earth of what we've seen,
Of wars or fright—in heaven make laughing strains,
Till sweetest rest is made of sharpest pains.

13.

A rhapsody of ditties now ensues,
Elixir of an all inspiring story,
Till pilgrims, long by Satan sore abused,
Restraints set by, and laughed right out in glory ;
For all the "Mourners" here, are LAUGHERS there.
Laugh, *laugh*, LAUGH ; laugh, *laugh*, laugh till
sullen care,
With morbid fears, and raging wants of time,
Are laughing strains in all that state sublime.

14.

As strolling eyes, alert, did upward gaze
Through starry deeps, despite its distant haze,
Whilst here they sat in musing's favored rest,
To scan the span of glory's vast behest,
Ten legion angel babes, as white as snow,
Espied aloft, did joyous clarions blow,
As away they dash on the golden crest
Of a flowing light, with a bounding zest ;
For be it well known, and never forgot,
That Heaven is full of our chattering sort ;
The babes of every age, all countries too,

Dying whilst young, as full half of them do ;
Convene, no doubt, in this ecstatic sphere,
Where Christ transforms the drooling babes of
earth

Into poetic shapes, with charming air,
Sweet laughing rhapsodies of sacred mirth.

15.

A retinue came through the skyey way,
All chanting blitheful songs of marchers gay,
As echo, echo, echo ever more,
Comes tossing back from the most distant shore,
Till ever and anon, voyagers, all,
Sate with sight and sense, decree to fall
From lofty pinion's gaze, on grounds elect,
O'erspreading heaven's green fields of sacred rest.

16.

Now, borne on hands of tallest seraphim,
Was seen a babe, of size, a foot in height,
By mother Angels nursed—a perfect thing—
As it did chatter golden words of praise :
“I am the least of babes caught up from earth,
My life was robbed the night of fated birth ;
My mother was a whore, as foul as fiend,
In midnight sewer our life at once did end,
Chilled in the loathsome sty, with aching cold,
My naked form did lie for hours untold,
Till in this dying plight, an HIGH ESCORT,

Led forth my welcome flight to reach this port."

17.

This angel wee, a foot in height, no more,
Went out on its wings, like a dove, to soar
With a flowing song, as glided along,
To alight on the bosom of Jesus on high,
Till Ha, Ha, HA ! out right they laughed in heaven,
As all the hosts did see, this angel wee,
How gay it could fly, so exceeding spry,
And play on the wing, a sweet little thing,
The veriest CUE of heavenly ditties.

18.

There, wrapped in ecstasies of heavenly love,
And sweet amazement thrilling life above,
Whilst looking upward to elysian skies,
Arrayed with mercy's store, in flaming guise,
Not only *Pilgrims*, up in glory fair,
Who sing anew the God-impassioned air ;
But, now inspired by man's transcendant bliss,
With life anew and praises louder told,
Bright ANGEL BANDS, who waft on wings of ease,
With flaming harps, wrought of sonorous gold ;
And MIGHTY SERAPHIM, most stately tall,
With flaming triumphs equipped to sweep the sky,
And CHERUB Host, with loudest praise of all,
Great heaven's matchless Courtiers circling high,
Like clouds of souls, and countless songsters gay,

Till, Saints and Seraphs all COMBINED were heard,
Harmonic as vast glory's shout could be :
Whilst blissful heaven's Harp, Grace planned of
old,

So glorious wrought in all its fabric vast,
From arch to arch in strains of purest gold,
Prepared for such as chime the songs of grace,
Was jointly played by GROOM, and Nuptial BRIDE,
As joy in high array forever stood,
Eternal fixed in Heaven's most central gate,
Where all things brightly beam, irradiate,
With God's own eye, enshrined Monarch of all.

Third.—(Here, great congregations assembled
from time to time, to hear the Orators of glory
relate their troubles on earth ; and express their
infinite preferences for Heaven as it is, over earth
as it was. The Scriptures abundantly teach, the
Saints will spend their Eternity *on this earth* ;
which will undergo as great change, as our bodies
themselves, will share in the Resurrection : the
“NEW JERUSALEM coming down out of heaven,”
being a VAST CITY (and no fancy) in which CHRIST
will display his Divinity in the presence of the
Saints forever and forever).

19.

Assembled now the rapturous saints lay bare
Their pilgrimage of time, and earthly care ;

Rehearsing sweetly all their war on earth,
Till death, the gate of Higher Life, gave birth,
Into the Spirit world, illumed by grace,
To quicken sluggish dreams and drowsy hopes,
Unto imperial splendors, wondrous, vast,
Each humble Saint, to loom in royal robes
Where GABRIEL, (*not* of grace) can never pass.

20.

With eyes that beam, and looks, angelic fair,
ONE rose to speak, possessed with tranquil air:
“In yonder world, I was a woman old,
Seduced by flaming lies, most skillful told;
POOR WOMAN! Satan’s vassal duped of sin,
To ‘cursed’ man was bound and ‘cursed’ within,
Till won by lust, ‘ruled by man,’ ‘cursed of God,’
A prey she fell, to sin’s abhorred abode,
That made a river of most galling tears,
To course the line of long Six thousand years.

21.

“So there I bore the burdened heft of life;
For knitting, stitch by stitch, for daily bread,
My morning prayers first being faithful said,
Tottering anon, some water to bring,
With faltering step, from the neighboring spring;
My BIBLE did read, its lessons to heed;
By fasting and prayer the Tempter withstood,
Till out of all, too blissful to tell,

I had a glad call, in 'Mansions to dwell.'

22.

"In my grave I'd been a thousand silent years,
When peals of Judgment fell from thundering
heights,

My Spirit freed from toils, from griefs and fears,
Espying earth with sense of strange delight,

Until my grave was lost to all mankind,

My flesh and bones dissolved to dust, you mind,
Absorbed by the roots of a great oak-tree,

That flourished for years, then perished away."

23.

"A rich man's *palace*, then stood over my grave,
Vast marble pile with flowing halls and domes,
His Living HOUSE (my TOMB) our dust did save,
Till wasting time decreed the Mansion's doom :

In turn, a river's widening wake did surge

My ashes hence, bequeathed a watery world ;

Till the knell of time and its funeral dirge,

Resolved me into this exotic prime."

24.

When this parade of years was fully told,

She graceful rose, in flaming suits of gold,

Once glazed with tears, her eyes, now full of joy,

To peer in glory's high, and fond employ,

She stood, a Seraph fair, enshrined above,

Her face irradiate with impassioned love,

That moved the camps of God to raise a shout,
And send a thrill of laughing bliss, throughout
The courts of grace, now filled with mutual praise.

25.

'Twas then another Saint most tranquil, rose,
Endued with lofty gifts of ample heaven,
Compared with sorry earth, and thus disclosed
His fine estate of most transcendent good :
"I came of a savage tribe, and I alone,
Among them all, received this gracious boon,
By feeble Mission borne to 'Sidon's' shore ;
For caught of truth my soul embarked of yore,
For realms beyond that world of heathen night.

26.

"Although my soul was seized of sacred might,
I live through all my days in pagan night ;
With something in my breast, unknown before,
My soul beseized of rest, ne'er felt of yore,
I ne'er could tell, not being half so wise,
What caused it to remain, and thus devise
My highest good, an inborn might,
Of solace sweet, and unctions of delight,
That radiate my path throughout that war
Of cursed knight-errantry, and chafing toils.

27.

"Though forced, by lot, to live in cruelty's reign,
Its war of hates, I ne'er could love again,

Once having tasted of far better love;
Yet, left without the pale of gentle care,
Too oft beguiled with savage gallantry,
I charged the ramparts of restraints within,
And squandered life with lust's egregious reign.

28.

“Though led astray by ‘lusts’ of ‘carnal mind,’
Whilst conscious of a better man within,
God saved my wandering self by power Divine;
Till one breath here, completely FREED from sin,
Transcends the hollow Pomp of life's vain dreams
Of gallant rage, or ‘fame’s belabored store.’ ”

29.

Then, ONE of fine estate, and graceful guise
All radiant with the glow of matchless prime,
Most eloquent of Speech, and CHERUB wise,
Rehearsed his chapter in the war of time:
“In this composed estate we’re met from far,
Old earth that thunders with its pits of war,
That roll convulsions of alarm abroad,
With losses keen, and scourges sore, abhorred,
Insults that rage, and burdened souls that groan,
A wilderness of woe, a world undone!
From all these, we’ve come, the ‘earth of old,’
To lofty life like this; the ‘earth foretold,’
Where naught disturbs, but seas of pleasure flow,
To lull in sweet repose, saints once below,

Rocked on Time's dark sea since man begun.

30.

"I came from MALTA's Isle, once taught of Paul
The peerless peer of faith revealed to all,
When cast to 'coast' from womb of laboring
sea ;

For clouds and seas combined in wrathful rage,
Through MERCY did my highest good engage,
A Providence that ruled bewildered night,
Was moved of God to bring my soul to light.

31.

"His dastard soul, to ease from crimes o'er-
wrought,

The reigning NERO compassed sea and land,
To beacon sable shrouds of suffering night,
With torch of human flesh, all pitched and fired ;
Or donned in skins, to ape the trembling prey,
The Mastiffs, fierce desecry with hungry gaze,
In bloody shreds, their reeking flesh did tear ;
Whilst face to face here, I see many more
His hell of cursed delights both rent and tore."

32.

Now, when this Priest of God had meekly told
His rich account of life and death, so bold,
His old COMPEERS in long drawn lines and files,
Rose up to stand in Glory's circling aisles,
Full FIFTY MILLION souls, I hear them tell,

Once hewn to pieces by the axe of hell,
Till there its countless throngs swung reels of
praise,

As speech by speech through all its lucid days,
Prolongs the feast that yields to endless call,
With here and there a rest to muse on all.

33.

O rapturous Heaven, bequeathed my longing soul !
I yearn to quit this mournful stay of time,
In bliss to roam thy fields from pole to pole,
A life to live, where all's unfading prime.

CHAPTER ELEVEN.

Hearing all the above, the god of this world groaned within himself and said: "Wherewithal shall I replace my foot in my own dominion, for the God that drove me out of heaven, even now, builds His kingdom with seen and Unseen Hands, right in the midst of my kingdom, till my own children revolt me, and accept King Jesus. There is yet a little remnant of time left me, and by my exuberant and prolific imagination, I devise the following as yet to be the ground of rich and abundant relief to all of my once flourishing, but now bewildered prospects.

"Seeing IMMANUEL (which means God with us) is supplanting my dominion, by what is called a CHURCH ('Upon this rock I will build my church,' saith He. Matt. 16: 18) so will I re-act His power, and on my rock, which is: 'Ye are of your father, the devil, and the lusts of your father will ye do,' (John 8:44.) I will build my church, and the gates of the upper world shall not prevail against it. I will call up a man to sit upon my throne, by my side, and make him

the head of my church—SUPREME PONTIFF over all; I will instigate perpetual war against this church of King Jesus, killing all His subjects, as I can execute them in ways past number; I will burn their books, and change the same very much, so as to make it my book, leaving it with the stamp of God upon it, inasmuch as I am a god; I will hold all my subjects in perfect ignorance; I will clothe my church with imposing forms, and ceremonies shall have in them, administered by Priestly Cardinals, all that is essential to any soul; I will dispose of all *doctrines of humiliation, repentance and a change of heart*, mighty loves, mysterious faiths, leaving men very much to their natural dispositions; I will keep them full of my spirit, so as to insure them against what this late King calls TRUTH AND GOSPEL, knowing I can easily do this, inasmuch ‘as by nature they are of their father, the Devil, and his lust will they do.’

“This CHURCH of *mine* I will keep in all those quarters of the earth, where this same King Jesus shall have established His church, and as the world becomes restless on the subject of Christianity, I will at once quiet their consciences, by giving them my gospel, and my church as a grand substitute.

“Among Heathens and Pagans I will allow all

sorts of gods and religious worships, till the gospel of King Jesus is preached to them; *then* I will immediately rush hither with *my church*, so much like His they will be satisfied with it, and yet so much to human tastes and dispositions, they will really *prefer* it to the low humiliations and hard terms of this, once far off, but now, territory-invading God, whom I am here to beat."

Now, whilst the nations yet tarried a few days around the Temple and upon the lawns, as if loath to leave the place where such mighty achievements have been wrought and attainments made as never before, Little Nation Sanctified had a general council as to the work before her, rejoicing in the prospects of saving souls, and extending the kingdom of Immanuel far hence among many nations.

They had oft read: "Ask of me and I will give thee the HEATHEN for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession." Psalms 2:8.

First, they rehearse and consider well the awful CONDITION of the nations that have not the Gospel and all that are "in the world without God and without hope." So one by the name of HEART'S DESIRE spake to the subject in the following words: "'Behold I was shapen in iniquity

and in sin did my mother conceive me.' (Psalms 51:8): for 'men go astray as soon as they are born speaking lies.' (Ps. 58:3): 'being dead in trespasses and sin,' (Eph. 2:1); being 'by nature the children of wrath,' (Eph. 2:3); 'those who are without law shall perish without law,' (Rom. 2:12); Inasmuch as the Scriptures declare that the GENTILES, which have not the law, doing by nature the things contained in the law became a law unto themselves; (Rom. 2:14), so all are by 'the Scriptures concluded under sin,' (Gal. 3:22). Yea, so awful is the state of things on the earth, that men are going to hell by whole nations; 'for the wicked shall be turned into hell and all the nations that forget God.' (Ps. 9:17). Each moment calls some one into eternity, and half of all that go, go having never heard of the precious name of JESUS who is the 'Light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world;' if only they could but be reached by His glorious gospel. Aside from Him there is no name given under heaven, or among men, by which they can be saved from their sins. (Acts 4:12).

"We, only, have that *name*; and are therefore responsible; for millions of souls are this moment dependent on us and our labors to reach an eternity of rest and blessedness.

“Now consider in the next place the authority vested in us. Our King said to us as His last word on the earth: ‘Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature,’ (Mark 16:16); basing this commission on the high authority of His Father who had ‘given all *power* into His hands,’ both that belongs to heaven as well as that that is in the earth, (Math. 28:18). We are therefore honored mightily among men and even above the angels in this that we are the great Groom’s BRIDE, (Rev. 22:17); making us ‘laborers together with him’ in bringing many sons and daughters to the everlasting Father. (2 Cor. 6:1). Yea, we are sent forth under a commission as broad as the world; as vast as all time, and as stupendous as the occasion of Christ’s death. All the glories of the upper world are to reflect through us, (Matt. 5:16), to reach the inhabitants of this lowly sphere, so if our light became darkness, it is darkness greater than that that falls upon heathens and pagans; or that went abroad through Egypt in the days of judgment; for the Scripture calleth to know ‘if the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness.’ (Matt. 6:23).

“Hence let us be of giant hearts, insomuch as all powers and promises are to our favor, whilst

we are engaged in the momentous work of recovering the race seduced and stolen from Eden, being carried, for lo ! these six thousand years into horrible Captivity. None other than God having said : ‘And, lo, I am with you alway even unto the end of the world.’ (Matt. 28:20). ‘I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me,’ said also our Missionary brother who went before us in foreign lands and in darker days. (Phillipians, 4:13).

“Furthermore, seeing it has been now almost two thousand years since these things were said and done, is it not high time for OUR NATION, through whom all other nations are to be saved, if saved at all, was up with life and forward with wills, and resolute hands to do the biddings of the Master, ere yet He shake down thunder and destroying judgments from His abode on high, and set our cots of ease on fire, till slumber shall wake with a howl, and sleep no more, because of just and long-merited retribution.

“O, let us betake our heads and hearts, our hands and estates, to the immediate ingathering of this harvest of nations, for the ‘harvest of the earth is ripe’ as we read in Rev. 14:15: ‘Another angel came out of the temple, crying with a loud voice to him that sat on the cloud, Thrust in thy

sickle and reap : for the time is come for thee to reap ; for the harvest of the earth is ripe.'

"It is 'not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit,' saith our King (Zech. 4;6), and we therefore have nothing to fear. Let us take wings of faith, speed over the nations, and come down on the ends of the earth, bidding them look up and live ; for deliverance is at hand through the SHILOH that cometh from Mt. Zion. He speaketh with firmness to all his followers : 'So shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth : It shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please and prosper in the thing whereunto I sent it,' " (Isa. 55:11.)

Here he spake no more, but I saw the holy fire was much kindled in many breasts, and other tongues were waiting to utter the holy emotions of hearts, flowing with the love of that kingdom that came down from the skies. But before another spake, they went into earnest and solemn prayer, led by a venerable old brother and apostle of truth by the name PRAY-ALWAYS ; for he gave God thanks in every thing, and prayed night and day for the coming of the glorious kingdom of heaven. In this prayer, they used the following words : "Most Holy Lord God Omnipotent, Thou God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ,

who giveth blessings to all liberally and upbraideth none, come into the midst of Little Nation Sanctified, Thine own chosen people, and establish us upon the hilltops of all earth, that we may shine in darkness, and be a light unto the Gentiles : through the power and grace of our Prince who is the Life of all souls and the Resurrection of all bodies. Prepare us now to stand upon all the earth in the midst of these nations, now soon to disperse, going hence, and cause us to make a noble confession of Christ Jesus before kings, and lords, and all that call on other gods ; that we, having the Holy Ghost within us, may be able to testify boldly before men, touching the Resurrection and the hope of immortality. Prepare the hearts of kings to accept Thy truths ; and let faith go forth to throw down walls, remove mountains, pluck up trees, such as would hinder us and Thee, keeping heaven out of the souls of men. Give us such hungering and thirsting for righteousness, as will not rest day nor night, till the SHILOH of men be upon Mt. Zion. Even so, come Lord Jesus. Come quickly. Amen and Amen."

And it came to pass, in those days, one by the name of SELF DENIAL spoke also to the Saints, saying : "Let us bear one another's burthens, praying oft for one another, 'exhorting one an-

other, and so much the more, as ye see the day approaching.' Heb. 10:25. O, is it not high time for all the children of Little Nation Sanctified to awake from sleep, buckling on the whole armor for the pending contest, praying, as all go, for the Lord of the vineyard to send forth laborers into the vineyard! Nay, more, we should oft 'fast,' as well as pray, insomuch as many of the blessings of old come only by prayer, mixed with long and repeated fastings. 'Then, shall they fast in those days,' said our Absent Head and Lord to come. Yea, He left the example by 'fasting forty days in the wilderness,' (Matt. 4:2), when He wrestled with the devil, and threw him a long fall that hurts to this very day. Rememberest thou, how stubborn the devils were, when the stomachs of the Disciples were full? 'This kind,' said the Master, 'goeth not out but by *fasting* and prayer.' (Matt. 17:21.) Dost thou not call to mind, how good CORNELIUS of old had the gates of mercy fully opened to him whilst in a *fast*? (Acts 10:35.) Likewise, we get also a lesson from that model Church in Antioch, where 'certain prophets and teachers' 'ministered to the Lord and FASTED,' till the Holy Ghost found them ripe for address, at which time there was a call for the ordination of two FOREIGN MISSIONARIES,

Barnabas and Saul, who is also called Paul, whose very ordination was conducted with fasting and prayer, with the solemn imposition of hands. (Acts 18.)

“Now, it came to pass, these self same missionaries ordained Elders in the churches by ‘fasting and prayer’ (Acts 14:23), having nothing of the slipshod style of this day, and the improved sleight-of-hand that now works the churches of God. Nay more, Paul the aged, had not outgrown the day of fasting, for he recommended it to his churches through his letters, wherein we find nothing idle or supercilious (I Cor. 7:5). Our beloved brother, Paul, was ‘in fastings often,’ for he took them along as an holy accompaniment, knowing a fasting stomach is equal to seven terrors in the sight of the devil. Seeing the superlative importance of our work, the momentous concern of time, the imperishable rewards and honors that await us, let us cast our names beneath our feet, becoming, if necessary, the very ‘off-scouring’ of creation (I Cor. 4:13), for, in so doing, we shall yet sit upon a high seat, over opposition, conquering and to conquer, till Little Nation Sanctified shall have encamped upon all the strongholds of Great Nation Depravity. Amen. Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly. Amen.’ ”

Now, at the close of this speech, they having been fasting for a day, again prayed, and arose to give each other "the right hand of fellowship that they should go unto the heathen" (Gal. 2:9), bearing immortal "treasures in earthen vessels that the excellency of the power may be of God and not of us." (II Cor. 4:7). Yea, they prayed most earnestly at the close of all, till they arose from the dew of night, and wrung their garments, folding their arms around each other, embracing and kissing one another with a holy kiss (Rom. 16:16), in many cases a long and final farewell, knowing hardships and persecutions would doubtless, at no distant day, gather many of them to their long rewards and final rest.

Now, the nations left the temple in lonely solitude, and went by tide and by wind to their homes to occupy, as before, and as they continued digging the earth, also building upon its face, I saw the Apostles of truth were in every corner of the globe, laboring with a high hand to establish the Kingdom of the Prince of Peace, for time is close on to an end, being well nigh two thousand years since Prince Soul-Life made the parable of the fig tree interpret the future (Mark 13:28), and portend the end not to be very far; for as the leaf is not very far off from the bud, so be

it understood and well accepted, the “ends of the world are come upon us.” (I Cor. 10:11.)

From discerning the “Signs of the times,” there is a heaving in the hearts of all men, looking forward to a stupendous reformation, in which “a nation shall be born to God in a day,” rolling back ocean darkness to uncover its millions to the light of day, and the golden walks of life.

It was no tedious delay, till I saw many hearts deeply engaged, as when men flee from water or fire, climbing up Calvary’s hill, as in search of Heaven and Immortality. So they came to its *cross*, its *blood*, its *tomb*, *open* and forsaken, viewing it all, as under the shrouded splendors of grey dawn, till they opened the great Book lying on the tomb, suddenly the light of understanding filled their darkened hearts. Written over the cross they found these words: “It is finished” (John 19:30), and in the open tomb they found these words: “He is not here, but is risen” (Luke 24:6), and turning over the pages of the great Book, they read: “And if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me.” (John 12:32). “I am the *resurrection* and the life” (John 11:25.) “That true light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world.” (John 1:9.) “Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved.” (Acts 16:31.) “And

it shall come to pass that whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved." (Acts 2:21.) "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved." (Romans 10:9.) "By grace are ye saved through faith, and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God; not of works, lest any man should boast." (Eph. 2:8:9.) "Not by works of righteousness, which we have done, but according to his mercy he saved us, by the washing of regeneration, and the renewing of the Holy Ghost; which he shed on us abundantly through Jesus Christ our Savior; that being justified by his grace, we should be made heirs according to the hope of eternal life." (Titus 3:5-7.)

Now as they looked through the Book, they found all along through it: "Jesus, and the resurrection" (Acts 17:18). "As witness with us of his resurrection." (Acts 1:22). "Spake of the resurrection of Christ." (Acts 2:31.)

"Declared to be the Son of God with power, according to the Spirit of Holiness, by the resurrection from the dead." (Romans 1:21.) "The power of his resurrection." (Phil. 3:21.) and "Hath begotten us again unto a lively hope, by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead."

(I Peter 1:3). So they soon discover the doctrine of Christ's RESURRECTION was the key note of all the Book, and the *essence* of the whole story. So they began to shout, to prophesy, and to come down from the Mount to take others by the hand, leading them to the "Cross," its "Blood," the "Open Tomb" and the Wonderful Book.

Moreover, I saw many clearing away the forests, breaking the sword, sowing, vast armies sowing the good seed of the kingdom. So also, many with huge waterspouts came on after them, who had sown over the world, which is the field. (Matt. 13:38 to 43).

These were the Pauls and Apollos sowing and watering in the kingdom of righteousness, (1 Cor. 3:6). Furthermore, a spirit of darkness followed, sowing over the same ground, tearing it up, and heaving it as in mountains to outwit the efforts, yea, baffle, thwart, and overcome those who had sown good seed with clean hands, watering with tears and travail of soul.

But, notwithstanding the energy of the devourer, much that had been cast in the ground, by the hand of righteousness, sprang forth and grew; even licking up the fires that were cast at their feet to destroy both them and it.

Let it be known, furthermore, some that cast

opposition abroad, as of sowing wild vines, received thereby a devouring poison, until their flesh scathed from their bones, and they died of the hurt they fain would have committed to others; even as Judas sorrowfully cast back his hard-earned money, and fell from his rope plunging out his bowels on the earth in most graceless death. (Acts 1:18).

The price of opposition is immensely great, for "Whosoever shall fall upon that stone shall be broken: but on whom it shall fall, it will grind him to powder." (Luke 20:18).

Thus, I sojourned here and there in the great harvest fields, and beheld with much pleasure the gathering of many sheaves.

As I passed along, I beheld many *plunging* into a great Fountain, a "fountain for sin and uncleanness," (Zech. 13:1,) called REMEDIAL: plunging in from a gate called Distress, and coming out a gate called Life. Blind ones plunged in blind and came out seeing; deaf ones plunged in deaf, and came forth hearing; lame ones plunged in with limbs stiff and dry as bones, and came forth leaping and praising; many that had lost entire limbs came and plunged in from Distress gate and came out at Life gate with new limbs, all laughing with joy and new-born pleasures;

many so foul with leprosy and other rot-flesh diseases as to stink, came plunging into Remedial fountain from Black gate, came out whole as angels at White gate; sick ones were by their friends plunged in with a deep hand, coming out every one of them at Lifes' gate, on their way rejoicing: yea, I saw many bringing forth their dead, plunging them stiff and stark, headlong into this living Fountain, insomuch they leaped forth from the other side full of life and laughter; for both the healed and their friends laughed, danced and sang with joy and high praises.

The Proprietor of this wonderful Fountain gladly waited upon all the afflicted multitudes, free of charge; being the "Son of King David," but much greater than His father, having made the Fountain and given to it its healing properties. When he found one that thought to heal himself, and claim the glory, He would not let him enter till he forsook all his vanities; but all others "he healed every one of them," (Matt. 4:24).

Those that were cured went forth, both of choice, and at the command of the Master, bringing others afflicted and distressed, till nation after nation had shared largely in this wonderful gratuity.

Now it came to pass as one of the witnesses

walked over a hill, he met one whose name was FOLLY and asked him where he was going. Folly answered; "I am going in full search for the world: I am tempting the Tempter to tempt me, so that with unbridled lusts I can go with a gush after pleasure and ambition.

"I met one called Happiness back away, who offered himself, my servant in good, saying he would be glad to accompany me over the way to the camps of the Witnesses; certain ones of Little Nation Sanctified abroad in the world as "pilgrims and strangers;" (Heb. 11:13), yet seeking, continually, for opportunities to do good to their fellow mankind. Seeing the suavity of his manners and the grace of his address, I at first felt right sure I would not be able to resist his inducements; so I rudely tore loose from him, and escaped with my plans, bent on pleasure, wealth and ambition, as yet unhurt, by the pious platitudes of sober-faced Christianity. Now, on looking back, I saw one coming, at a goodly pace, going even in the same direction I was travelling, and though I thought to escape him by rushing on my steps a little, yet he soon overtook me, and kindly spoke to me as follows:

Good morning, Mr. Folly; my name as you see is, CAUTION; and having met Happiness on

the way of whom I learned certain things in your case, I lengthened my steps a little so as to be in company with you, and give you words that may be of fine avail. Temptations, O man are sweet, and yielding is present gratification ;but there is a bitter to all this, as he that sows the seeds of folly in time, will in eternity, reap a prolonged harvest of shame." Now, I saw Caution was inclined to talk much, but Folly cast filth of manners upon him, descending to ignoble epithets in his speech, playing the churl in general. After that I saw one by the name of WISDOM, seeking to accompany Folly, that he might fashion some good for his soul ; but Folly never halted, nor turned his eyes in that direction. So I watched the case and after Folly had traveled a good while to himself, he looked back, and seeing others, fancied to himself they were not of a sort with Happiness, Caution, and Consistency, who had besieged him with much ado about his soul, and future good. So he halted, and waited for them, and ere yet he saw their names, he was pleased to hear them make some cheap remark about Consistency and his comrades, so he stood firm, till they were fully in his last tracks. But when he saw their names were "MISERY" and "DESTRUCTION" he had a heavy thought of pulling off of the track,

making them broad room to pass ; but Misery and Destruction smiled and said it was a *burlesque* and meant nothing. So he tamely submitted, and chimed in with their talk ; which was of things in general, avoiding especially all serious matters, till they effectually charmed Folly, keeping him for days, by reason of “covetous conversation” and polished rehearsals of fluent pleasures. But suddenly, one day, whilst all was glee and tipped in golden fancies, Misery got on one side, and Destruction, on the other side of Folly, intoxicated with a flow of carnal pleasures, and feigning great sociability, drew cunningly very close to him, till lo ! they seized him fast, carrying him down their pit. I heard him make a piteous wail as he went down, but after that saw and heard no more of him.

So it is “he that findeth his life shall lose it” (Matt. 10 :39) ; for gain-getting, pleasure-seeking, fame-pursuing, run in direct opposition to the gospel and ripen into folly ; as in the case of the prospered “lord” that tore down his barns to build greater, saying, “Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years ; take thine ease, eat, drink and be merry ; But God said unto him, *Thou* fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee : then whose shall those things be, which

thou hast provided?" (Luke 12:19,20). Whilst the "fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom," Solomon says; "Fools despise wisdom," (Prov. 1:7), and "die for want of knowledge." (Prov. 10:21). Now as Folly resisted Happiness, Caution and Wisdom, so it is as the wise man hath long since proclaimed, "Fools make a mock at sin," (Prov. 14:9) and will consequently, at last, take their position with the foolish virgins who will go plunging through the long, dark night of eternity, with lamps but no "oil" in them; a Mock equipment indeed, but one of their own choosing.

CHAPTER TWELVE.

Now after traveling a long while through peril and fatigue, some of the Witnesses entered a tract of country called GOD-HATE Valley, which is right in the very *heart* of GREAT NATION DEPRAVITY: entering it at sundown, and at midnight they heard strange voices and dismal moanings producing a reign of terror that simply beggars description.

At sunrise, instead of finding bracing morn, they were quite languid from a prevailing sickishness of the air, and a clammy sweat on the earth. The heat of the sun was intolerable, and brought from the ground a stench so suffocating, many reeled over as they would walk, and lie wallowing in the loathsome skum spewed from the earth. Deep caverns roaring with the war and commotion of their inmates; pits emitting smoke; bitter waters; tremblings of earth; with mutterings from beneath; made *dismay dismal*. Huge giants would go abroad in the land appearing and disappearing suddenly; omens of evil: and phenomena of distress; till horror *became*

HORRIBLE. Many of the miserable inhabitants would often die suddenly, and for want of care were left to rot in their own beds ; in these times also, the very air would clot, and fall to the ground in drops of poison, that even removed vegetation wherever touched therewith.

The miserable inhabitants were sots in filth ; and multiplied as weeds, each generation growing worse. Sons had mothers to wife, and fathers their daughters ; till to one was born an offspring having one foot ; and to another was given a child with a rotten eye. They ate one another as cannibals, and drank human blood, as wine. ANGELS of mercy that visited them from heaven stood upon their wings ready to rise above outrage, as thus they plead with the wretches. So, also, were there enormous Night Hawks that under the cover of darkness, would swoop down and carry off a child, crying and screaming, as it soared through the gloomy stillness of night, fainter and fainter still, till its voice was heard no more. Now as they went abroad, they came nigh unto a Mountain possessed by wild beasts, thundering in their deep lairs ; and screaming in battle, till nature stood in awe of the mountain covered with horrid forms. This is Mt. BLASPHEMY ; and the wild beast, represents the *oaths* of men and

women ; for the people in this Valley were in league with hell, sat upon the laps of devils, to eat lies as the sweetest luxury of life.

Furthermore, they came to a great LAKE that seems to labor of pain ; ever and anon its great sea Monsters would come panting to the surface for breath and to renew life. Next they came to a Hill covered with most beautiful flowers of exquisite taste, insomuch the fragrance thereof, drew many to its walks ; to sit upon its tempting seats, and under its cooling arbors. This is MT. TEMPTATION ; and sweet as the flowers were, they are so *poisonous*, even their breath swooned many to death, whilst sitting within their deadly range. They would talk as with an ecstasy, which lasting for hours, would lull into drowsiness, finally ending in excruciating agonies, followed by slow and torpid death. The hill was hollow, covering a deep pit into which were thrown the carcasses of all these miserable victims dying thereon. Now, these Witnesses traveled all through this valley of GOD-HATE, wondering much at the strange and horrid sights that everywhere greeted their eyes and shocked their sensibilities. So as they passed along, they beheld a vast RIVER whose waters wrinkled, waved and lashed with poisonous Snakes ; venomous Serpents ; deadly-

fanged Reptiles ; as well as devouring Scorpions, vieing one with another in contest, that oft destroyed one another. These serpents ascended the streams of the valley, crossing also from river to river, and from creek to creek, to the no little annoyance of the citizens of this pest-afflicted, and devil-haunted dominion.

Painful to the eyes, and to the ears were all these Witnesses beheld ; for their native home was an Eden of delights, whilst this was a HELL to them ; the perfect opposite to what was their nature and joy. Again, they beheld another of the dread evils of this sunken territory, which was a great IMAGE covering many acres of land, large exceeding, and clinging to it were many, many thousands of souls, holding to it with their feet, with their hands, with their eyes, with their legs and arms, their heads and their hearts, minds, souls and all, holding to it day and night, Sunday and Monday, well or sick ; for they loved the Image more than they loved any thing else. Be this Image what it may, it was evidently a *god* to those who gave it all their time and thoughts. They held to it like ticks to a dog ; till full, absorbed, and converted into same kind and sort with the Image, they dropped from their hold, and came down *dead* at its base. When

they dropped (for the RICH ones got very high,) their bones stuck in the ground, their bowels gushed forth, and they lay a stinking heap about the base of the Idol they loved.

Now all between the fearful God-Hate Valley and the uplifted plain of MT. HOLINESS was a fiery waste of country called IMPASSIBLE; for there was no passway from God-Hate Valley up to the pure air, and the enjoyable estates of this Mt. Holiness country; for there rained eternal fires and fearful hails out of heaven. There were also set in the way between them, vast sand plains where storms ceased not, day or night; great wind augers lifting mountains of sand into the air, till Sand World and Wind World roared with the desolation of perpetual storms. Beyond this and still lower down was a fearful wilderness of rocks and mountains that opened with earthquakes, jetting spouts of fire high up into the sky. In the midst of these was also located a deep forest, clothed to the top of the trees with weeds and vines; poisonous as death to all living beings, except the monstrous serpents that swung from the tops of the trees, or coiled at their base. Next was an immense Swamp, full of Dragons, fighting till the deep seas, in which they roamed, were red with blood. Now far out in the midst

of all these, was a vast river whose waters shot forth, as though compressed by the weight of the whole earth; lifting great rocks into the air brought up through gurgling spouts, belching from beneath. So take it all together, nothing is so IMPOSSIBLE, as for a soul to ESCAPE out of God-Hate Valley, and occupy by its own artifice, a place on Mt Holiness. For with all other impediments, there was yet this one more: a yawning Chasm, deep, dark and fathomless, the seclusion and den of MONSTER' SPIRITS: these, as anything would assay to go over in any wise, would dart up as winged Dragons that roar with thunder, and go so fast they burn the air to ashes as they go. And what was stranger still, and the worst of all IMPASSIBLES, was, NO ONE living in God-Hate Valley WISHED to live anywhere else; or go to the celestial heights of MT. HOLINESS. So WILL NOT become as bad or worse *than cannot*. "Men love darkness rather than light" (John 3; 19), and 'Ye WILL NOT come unto me that ye might have life' (John 5; 40), explains the whole secret of man's long stay from the city of God on Mt. Holiness, where all is life, and life is peace.

Now the WITNESSES began to teach the people of God-Hate Valley, that all these troubles were upon them because of their SINS.

· They told them all about the Mt. Holiness Country that lay away beyond and above them, and assured them that none of these troubles, found in God-Hate Valley, were to be found up in that Mt. Holiness Country.

Furthermore, there was a WONDERFUL RIVER, breaking forth from the midst of the mountain which caused a great change in all countries through which it passed; and that the KING and PROPRIETOR of all that fair region, had long purposed to run the river right through all this low and pest-afflicted valley.

Now it came to pass in those days, one by the name of ST. THRUST stood up to speak to the people that dwelt in all that reign of suffering and distress. Said he: “Your WILLS must be broken; for ye are all Haters of God, and will not do right. No Truth, in reference to this matter, can possibly be made pleasant to you. All I can say on this grave subject will be but to THRUST the burning dagger of truth into your every soul. Your living hates must be killed by a ‘two-edged sword’; for LAW is the strength of sin, and the COMMANDMENT coming off Mt. Holiness will yet slay all the people of God-Hate Valley. Your SINS put poison into the flowers of Mt. Temptation; your sins cover Mt. Blasphemy with raging beasts, that make the

land tremble with the thunder of their conflict. As a judgment upon you, this river is filled with SNAKES, that give the land no rest day nor night. Yon laboring LAKE, that is red with the blood of warring beasts, is a curse set in the land because of the sins of the people. O, children of misfortune and death, come with us! and plead with a PRINCE, called MERCY, who now reigns on Mt. Holiness, and is the Judge of all that in this Valley dwell.

The whole land is his, and whom HE will, he blesses.”

So, I beheld the Witnesses as they went with much ado of sorrow all through this Valley of God-Hate, which is right in the heart of Great Nation Depravity. The Prince of Life went before this, into this low ground, passing all through it, and condemning all its ways and likes. So the Witness, for times and seasons prolonged, went up and down this awful God-Hate Valley, preaching, praying, singing, and exhorting its wretched denisons to Holiness of life and heart, till lo! and behold! O wondrous to tell! I saw the breaking forth of a great River of LIFE, as it gushed from the broad base of Mt. Holiness which stood high in the far distance beyond. O! the roll of its waves, and the unobstructed rush

of its "Waters," as they gushed onward toward God-Hate Valley!

This vast, swelling, sweeping River rolled its unchecked and irresistible waves, right over all these fearful "IMPASSIBLES" that had forever shut off the people from happiness, cleanliness and health.

So nothing could stop this gushing river pouring its tremendous currents in the straightest direction toward God-Hate Valley, which entered at the upper end of the same; and, as it rapidly rolled on down its long broad territory, swept out its old River of LIES; swept away the Lake of Monsters, which is groanings of CONSCIENCE; swept away Mt Blasphemy, Mt. Temptation and the accursed IMAGE of "Covetousness which is Idolatry" —all filths, sicknesses, and miseries, it washed away and floated them down into the Dead Sea forever and forever. Furthermore, I saw the inhabitants of God-Hate Valley, swimming, bathing and diving, with shouts of joy on their lips, as ever and anon they rest for a time in Life-boats that floated gracefully over the bosom of this wonderful River. Ah more, as I beheld the lively scene, verdant islands rose to its surface, and stood forth with peoples and towns; whilst vast plains stretched up and down

the banks of the health-giving stream, till the joy of all earth held high carnival, where misery and death had pre-arranged to abide forever.

And I looked and, lo and behold ! Mr.ZION was established in their midst and her Temple was full of the praises of the people as they went to and fro, up and down the land. Also the climate and the productions of Mt.Holiness were given to the people, for the turning of the RIVER OF LIFE, in through that way, made vast changes on all the face of the country and in the habits of all the people. O what ships of store spread their sails over this broad and navigable stream, supplying the people with all the dainties belonging to the new life they had thus been enabled to begin ; till the people thought, or talked of but little else than the mysterious changes, produced by the turning of the River of Life in upon their hitherto deplorable land, but now a desert filled with the glory of God.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN.

Now behold, as I mused upon the flow of events, I saw a man of imposing appearance and strength, bound fast to a great mill and forced to grind all the days of his life. He was much exposed, having neither hat, coat, nor shoes; eating, as he was forced to, the offals of pots and kitchens, and sleeping whilst standing, for want of better care. His fastenings seemed to be permanent and of most obstinate hold; however, after years of base submission, one day when all alone, he began to examine more closely the texture of his ropes, and the links of his chains, when lo! he discovered that untwisting his rope somewhat slackened all its fibers, so he could easily pick it apart; and at the same time his chain, though well made and seeming stout, was of such material, he could break it by vigorously throwing it on his prison floor. Now when he come to examine the lock of his prison, behold! it was an artificial lock, and not real; so he opened his prison door—for knowing the utter delusion of his prisoner, the keeper had long since decided his surrender was final.

Furthermore, when he came farther along the way, he trembled to find guards well armed, wherein he was certain his stay in bondage was prolonged; but lo! as he approached them, they were simply mock guards, statues and pictures; so he fled in safety to his own country with timely escape, after long years of needless toil. Ignorance, Delusion and Unbelief had bound him; for this is the only hold the Devil is allowed to have against a soul in the face of the Prince of Little Nation Sanctified; notwithstanding he seems to lead his vassals "captive at his will" (II Tim. 20; 26). Yea, lies, error and unbelief are slack-twisted ropes, brash-mettled chains and artificial locks, and mock guards; for centuries ago, ONE was revealed from the skies who broke every fetter that hath actual strength, and set at liberty all the sons of men, if only they will believe it, avow liberty, and at once move from the lurch of a powerless foe. The King of the Skies come down to "destroy the works of the Devil" (I John 3; 8), ignorance, error, sin and lies, and since that time, all that *will* may escape, from their dungeons and pits; for all walls, gates, and locks of confinement are forever set aside, till millions in base subjection to-day, might as well shake themselves, and be free of all that fastens them

to the dungeon floor, the prison walls, and the grinding mill of Satan. As God loosed Samson from his mill, putting the life of all enemies in his hands, till in one crash of ruin, wrought by his hands whilst in playful rest, so doth he deliver souls from the dominion of sin (Judges 16; 21-30). Now all this occurred in the city of UNBELIEF, the metropolis of great Nation Depravity, where is Satan's seat (Rev. 2: 13), and it created a stir and a fearful commotion, lewd fellows of the baser sort (Acts 17; 5), instigating insurrection against the WITNESSES who disclosed the fact of much needless bondage, until many in the great city of Captivity, tread upon their sand ropes breaking them and escaping. Now there is very nigh this city of Captivity, as was close to Jerusalem of old, a vast wilderness, called DESOLATION SWAMP. In this wilderness roamed a HUGE BEAST, as animals oft do in the parks of great cities, prodigious in size, being fed upon the fat of the swamp. His legs were like beams; his hoofs as iron balls, so that therewith he could thrash a tree to powder by his fearful blows. His entire form was covered over with small buttons of horn, as scales; his eyes were front and rear; his teeth, as a sledge, were able to grind rock and iron to dust. He had upon

his forehead a tuft of feathers, and wings on each side made of huge quills, hard as steel and sharp like swords, so he could either walk or fly; and as he would fly, his enormous weight and strength made his wings of swords hiss and whistle the air, as thundering whirlwinds; for it would roar as fire wherever he passed through it, so fearful was the operation of his flight. His tail was as a huge serpent, having a sting in the end thereof so dreadful as to slay a lion at one thrust.

He picked his teeth with the ribs of a man and fed upon human souls, as a jackal does upon ants. This monstrous monstrosity had a name; and its name was UNBELIEF.

Now it came to pass when the whole land stood in dread of this monster, as of old, when David a boy, slew GOLIATH a giant, so a child went into the swamp to slay a BEAST. His name is called FAITH, and he smote the Monarch of All, which is called Unbelief; for the beast greatly feared him, knowing he had no power to stand before him, though he had slain all other beasts. Then "there was great joy in that city," (Acts 8:8) for their captives were being set free, and the terrible Beast of the wilderness was removed. "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the Gospel to the poor; he

hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach DELIVERANCE to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised. To preach the acceptable year of the Lord." (Luke 4: 18, 19). Moreover, as the Witnesses were in a ship crossing one of the great oceans, they came to what was called FLOATING ISLAND, and there for a season sojourned. They found the people very credulous, yea, superstitious in the extreme, and and withal remarkably ignorant; but possessing somewhat of the milk of human kindness, giving room in their houses and streets to the children of Little Nation Sanctified. They believed their Island was afloat at sea, and always had been, but inasmuch as its dirt would sink when dropped into water, some submitted one thing and some another as to why their island floated. Some claimed it was hollow: others thought its underpart was of lighter substance than the upper, whilst a larger school than either of the above, insisted it was all a matter of *fate*, fortuitous, haphazard, and indefinable. They were free to allow all sorts of faiths, theories, and conclusions; and that on all sorts of subjects. Incoherent in science, and unconfined by philosophy, what they believed in religion to be thus and

so, made it so ; for in neither education nor faith did it concern them whether effect followed cause or cause followed effect. They slept much, dreaming most luxuriant dreams, extracting also from their copious ignorance an immense store of bliss. Also the normal condition of their mind and soul doubtless had something to do with their physical developments and deformities, for the land abounded in strange but interesting freaks of body and mind, some of which were prodigies of wonder to all mankind, all coming as *they* would expound it, from chaos of chance. Here, all was bedlam of mind, and anarchy of thought. Floating Island was inhabited by Fate Nation, governed by King Fortuitous, whose god was Chance, whose philosophy was Happen-So ; whose religion was Caprice. Hence, freaks in nature were spontaneous, and incongruities were natural productions, belonging to its state of casualty. Among them was to be found, according to *their legend*, a Sleeping Wonder, a man above fifty years of age, and had, to no one's knowledge, been yet fully awake, though watched day and night by his friends. He was of noble look, and his face beamed as with intelligence, his habits regular, eating at his semi-wakeful spells, making a kind of talk when seemingly aroused, though

never truly awake. Though he opened his eyes, he was never able to concentrate them on any object; and so with his hearing, in most cases seeming to be deaf, though occasionally he evidently heard with some kind of indistinction. He was not acute in his feelings, though sensible to pain, seeming almost at times to manifest emotions of comfort and pleasure. Thunder startled him, and sweet music charmed his attention as nothing else could. Yet as a babe sucks, frets, or laughs in its sleep, so he carried all his habits up into his sleeping manhood. Many efforts had been made to arouse him from dreamy existence to life and full sense; and that by best skill, and at great expense, yet he slept right on through the years of his life. All skill and patience had been exhausted, and hopeless years had been flowing by, when suddenly the long sought remedy was by some mysterious revelation, happily discovered unto them and him. A martial parade was firing cannons, beating drums, blowing fifes, interlined with a chorus of many mighty human voices, singing national airs, while in the midst of all pealed a loud blast of April thunder, from a golden cloud hanging in a deep blue sky. The scented and sizzling lightning being at the same time a pungent *reek* inhaled to quicken sense

and shapen life, when lo ! suddenly the man awoke into life ; leaped from his bed as into new existence, and danced for very joy ; singing, praising, talking, declaring to the people all his former existence had been a stupid dream ; but now everything seemed real as animate being ever experienced. The people wept for joy, that his spell had been broken, so that afterward his sleep was refreshing, and yielded at its time to the gentle pressure of day.

Then answered the Witnesses to this long kept and oft repeated story of these superstitious heathens : “ In all the realm of Great Nation Depravity, we find something very much like this heathen legend just told us. The thunders of Mt. Sinai alarm the dead, whilst the sweet music of Zion will charm the soul into real ecstasies of life. No man *is truly at himself* till profoundly CONVERTED from all former ways and likes, and ‘made a new creature’ by an Omnipotent law of Transfer, fully explained by the Witnesses of Little Nation Sanctified. O Floating Island, Fate Nation, and King Fortuitous, your *legend* of a sleeping man staggers us ; but our people of Little Nation Sanctified will yet ask of you to believe mightier things than that, based, however, upon the most indubitable Word of the MAKER of us all.

“Nay more, it is in our line of experience to see men dead (in sin) come to real life, wakened by vast thunders from Mt. Sinai, and charmed by a million voices that stood on Mt. Sinai to sing to the nations, whose ears were quickened by the awful voice that roared from the thundering summit of Sinai, quaking with the terrible wrath of God.

“SIN has so deranged the whole universe of mankind, through *ignorance*, it gives to THEE, as choice traditional literature, what is a stern and startling fact in the movements of our Kingdom of Grace.”

Now, not long after this, they overtook another story of a man, whose teeth, and nails of toes and hands were pure gold. He was indolent, vain, a great glutton, and finally fell to general lasciviousness. He trimmed his nails once a week, and sold the trimmings for a subsistence, and such pleasures as he could buy. As his lusts multiplied with his vanities, he soon found it convenient to pull one of his teeth, and sell it; for, like Judas, he was in a straight for thirty pieces of silver, so afterwards he sold another; for the trimmings of his finger nails and his toes were insufficient; and soon after this, he began to lay a mortgage upon others, till the mortgage lifted one, and then another and another, for he

became ambitious for a show, as well as whorish and fond of drink. One day, in the run of an accident, he broke a limb; so it was thereby discovered his *bones* were also *gold*; which at once made him of great value in "Troy Weight." This being known on the Island, vessels, lying at wharf, watched by night, lurking abroad for him till he was soon kidnapped, and taken a *slave* whilst drunken in a house of ill-fame. After his great intrinsic wealth had brought him into bondage, he, after years of servitude and hardships, offered his master a limb for his freedom. Being refused, he finally offered him two limbs and would have parted with a leg and an arm; but the brutal Nabob kept his slave of bullion, to get his work, and the trimmings of his toes and fingers. After this, his master fed him well, and let him rest, hoping thereby to increase the growth of his nails, as well as to prolong the life of his bullion slave; but it reversed itself, for he lost his health, and labor, as of old, became his only cure, throwing the poor slave in the fall of a sore disappointment, for he loved to eat, and hated to work. He constantly regretted his bones being gold, and would have gladly swapped them for dry sticks; for his valuable skeleton filled his life with troubles out of measure, and

sorrows over limit. Now it came to pass, there fell a sore strain on the lofty pride of this Nabob; and to meet the severe exigency, he bound his slave and amputated a limb for its gold bones, to repair his dissolving finances, and set him again to the face of his former courtiers. But it was not many years till a heavier crush fell upon the extravagant Slave Dealer than ever; so there was a plot to *kill* the slave and get his bones, ribs and skull. He overheard the horrid plot at the hour of midnight, and went trembling through the days that remained, in view of his coming fate. When the time was mature and the day at hand, they got into a private yacht, and set sail for a lone and desolate Island, to do the deed of darkest hell; when lo! an angry surge, as two waves met upon a crest, upset the fated boat, spilling Nabob, his Creditor, the servant that steered the voyage, with the doomed slave, *all*, out into the ocean together. Now it came to pass, the Nabob and his Creditor were so heavily armed, they sank in a moment of time down into the mighty deep of the ocean; but the doomed slave being tied with a rope to the yacht was saved from sinking, and soon was enabled to rescue his fellow servant by means of his long *oar* and rope, so they manned the boat in gallant safety to the coasts

of the native Island of the LIBERATED CAPTIVE.

Whereupon the Witnesses responded to this "Legend" of "Fate" Nation, ruled by "Chance" god, in the following words: "O King FORTUITOUS, if this Island floats, and unreliable *Fate* is god, then a man of thine may have had 'gold' for *bones*, and a bullion scalp to hold his brains." Now, remembering that Floating Island was inhabited by Fate Nation, whose King was Fortuitous, whose god was Fate; whose philosophy was Casualty, and whose religion was Caprice, nothing was to be wondered at. So the following is by them also fully relied on as true. At sunrise, was a new born babe, that sucked and grew, and in less than one hour, it was out of its mother's lap, running, talking, and able to read. At nine o'clock in the morning, his beard was well grown, and he was as a young man of twenty one years standing six feet in his skin. He pushed out upon busy life, married, and at twelve o'clock in the day, had a large family consisting of wife and children. At three in the afternoon, his children had children, and he and his hoary headed wife, sat very much bowed over, the one, in the corner, and the other in the old farm-house rocking chair. At six in the evening, he died in dotage, full of years, honor, and wealth.

Then answered the Prophets of Little Nation Sanctified to one another : “We know sin breeds ignorance and lies ; but the lies of superstition are not so bad as the lies of education ; whilst traditional falsehood, that has the Bible *shut* fast together, and stamped under its tyrannical foot, is the meanest lie of Earth.”

But the Witnesses, by and by, after clever acquaintance, succeeded in calling a council in the King’s court to consider the bearing of religions on the government of a people. The king assembled a concourse of people with many of his Lords, and of his chief officers not a few, allowing the Witnesses to present their faith, and its effects upon men and governments. So the KING arose from his bench to address the meeting : “The matter in hand is to make a further advance into the doctrines of the soul, what are its best meats, and to what extent does the soul-question, affect the government of a kingdom. We, as a people, are clever to all progress, resting firm, however, in the faith of our fathers and the god of diversified chance and fate. Our Island has been floating for thousands of years, even since the days in which a floating tradition tells, Cain and his family found it, one eve, lying along their coast, and came aboard, not knowing

it would likely float off during the night ; so by fate settling our rich acres to this day. We believe all things are at random, and have been hard worshippers of the god of Chance, holding, however, to this remarkable property, (and we confidently defy opposition to our faith) that whatever one believes to be right, to him it is right ; and any error, (if there is such a thing) when endorsed by a soul, and called *truth*, it at once becomes truth to him ; till he may have delighted in calling it a lie ; and then *to him* it is a lie, to all intents and purposes, changing back and forth many times in life, if it may make him happy so to do. Now, if the Apostles of truth from Little Nation Sanctified, that are in our midst, have things better, and on a surer foundation than these which we have just rehearsed, with all her heart let Little Nation Sanctified break her mind to us on all these things."

Whereupon he took his seat to hear. Then the oldest of the Missionaries by the name of "Let there be Light," at once proceeded to shine in darkness, and to dissipate myths and cunningly devised fables. He said: "O, Crowned Head, and all thy children, long has been our stay in thy dominion, as well as pleasant ; for thy face and the countenance of thy people, have shown

us a welcome cheer and a hearty allowance. Our nation hath brought, to give to this nation, that that is better than gold, yea, than fine gold, with much glittering silver," (Prov. 16:16).

Now, at that saying, the covetous and credulous king arose to his feet, and stood face to face with the missionaries; for he loved gold and pleasure, with all his subjects; and the idea of a gift so rich, made the Witnesses most acceptable guests. "O king! Silver and gold have I none but such as I have give I thee." (Acts 3:6.) Now, then we are embassadors from a higher court to this, and are the personal representatives of Him who is KING of kings and Lord of lords." (II Cor. 5:20; and II Tim. 6:15.) So seeing, the king and his hosts had an ear to listen. The embassadors at once fell into the words of Paul in midst of Mar's Hill in Athens: "I perceive, O King Fortuitous, and the children of the God of Fate, that in all things ye are too superstitious; for as we have passed all through your realm, everywhere we have found altars with this inscription: TO THE GOD OF FATE, whom, therefore, ye ignorantly worship; him declare I unto you. God that made the world and all things therein, seeing that He is Lord of Heaven and earth, and dwelleth not in temples made with hands; neither

is worshipped with men's hands as though he needed anything, seeing he giveth to all, life and breath, and all things, and hath made of one blood all nations of men to dwell on all the face of the earth, and hath determined the times before appointed, and the bounds of their habitation; that they should seek the Lord if haply they might feel after him, though he be not far from every one of us; for in him we live and move and have our being, for we are his offspring. Forasmuch then as we are the offspring of God we ought not to think that the God-head is like to gold or silver or stone graven by art and man's device. And the times of this ignorance God winked at, but now, O king, with all thy subjects he commandeth all men everywhere to repent: because he hath appointed a day in which he will judge the world in righteousness by *that man* whom he hath ordained, whereof he hath given assurance to all men in that that he hath raised him from the dead."—Acts 17:22.

Thus the words of "Let There Be Light" wrought the King no little; and utterly unsettled some that stood by and heard, yet was the king pressed to make an answer, and so he did as follows: "Whilst your religion is truth to you, *because* you believe it, it is a lie to me *because* I

do not believe it, inasmuch as truth (so-called) is as fancy makes it, and therefore altogether *arbitrary*, since there is no such thing as *absolute* truth or fixed principles; but to the contrary, like our island floating about here and there, taking things by fate, fixing or removing them by chance, causing or preventing as by casualty, these things are so *because we sincerely so think*. Answer me if thou canst." Then said the Witnesses: "O king, we will put our feet in the shoes of thy faith, and therein answer both thee and thy god. Thou believest Cain settled this Island. We believe Cain never saw the main ocean; and consequently did not settle this Island, therefore it is so *because we believe* it to be so!

"Furthermore, 'if any man speak let him speak as the oracles of God; if any man minister, let him do it as of the ability which God giveth: that God in all things may be glorified through Jesus Christ; to whom be praise and dominion forever.' (1 Pet. 4:11). Therefore, we speak, O King, more boldly to thee, and to all thy children, for the days of ignorance have an end. There is no such thing as FATE; no such thing as effect *without* cause; no such thing as HAPPEN; no such thing as CHANCE; no such thing as VOLUNTARY TRUTH; no such thing as a float-

ing island; no such thing as CHANCE god; no such a thing as a king in FORTUITY; no such thing as a truth CHANGING; no such thing as one's SINCERITY making an error, a truth; even if we did not know this, be sacred with us, O King, for we are in the shoes of thy faith, which claimeth, *all a man believes, is so*, simply *because he believed* it to be so. Therefore we have reduced to nothing the whole estate of thy beliefs; and being of fables, fancies, and myths, thy people are the better prepared to accept, this day, that "righteousness, which exalts a nation" (Prov. 14 ;34).

"Thou hast said, O! King, what a man believes to be so is so—hence thou art altogether wrong in the doctrines of thy people, *because we believe them to be false.*"

Here the King grew impatient and adjourned the session abruptly; seeing the sagacious saints, though poor, were vastly his peer in the art of uttering truth.

So it came to pass the witnesses compassed the entire island, teaching the superstitious wretches, rebuking their supreme ignorance, "declaring the wisdom of God even the mystery which hath been hid from ages and from generations, but now is made manifest to his saints, to whom God would

make known what is the riches of the glory of this mystery among the Gentiles, which is Christ in them the hope of glory, whom we preach, warning every man, and teaching every man, in all wisdom, that we may present every man perfect in Christ Jesus." (Col. 1:26-28). Nor did they stay their faithful efforts till the people, enlightened, stepped out of their vain superstition, and became enamored of grace; as the isles of the sea, accepting Christ, formed a confluent light, that shed gladsome day, where pagan night had sat, since Eden's evening lamps expired to loom and glow no more. Also, in my dream, I beheld a man passing a thundering mountain by the name of Mt. Sinai; "for Sinai was altogether on a smoke, because the Lord descended upon it in a fire, and the smoke thereof ascended as the smoke of a furnace, and the whole mount quaked exceedingly." (Ex. 19:18.) The man that passed by it was a great SINNER; so his sins took fire within him, for the mount was all alive, and seemed to have the mastery over men. (Rev. 7:11.) Poor soul! How he suffered and with industrious haste sought for ease! He plunged into the deep mud of human reliefs, but it soon dried on him—he was so exceedingly hot. Next, he dashed himself from a high rock into the ocean, and dived,

with his hissing fires through its parting waves. Till lo ! and behold ! he set the seas on fire. Then he threw himself up into the air, for his distracting pains caused him to handle himself with terrific strength. Then all the air was set aflame as he screamed and roared of fervent pain. Between his yells and paroxysms of distress, he would often say : “The soul that sins it shall die: I have sown the winds, and hence reap this whirlwind of destruction.” (Hos. 8:7.) After compassing sea and land in a vain search for relief, one day, conversing with himself, touching unsubdued miseries, he was overheard by one from Little Nation Sanctified, as he cried the following: “Even to-day is my complaint bitter; my stroke is heavier than my groanings. O that I knew where I might find him, that I might come even to his seat! I would order my cause before him, and fill my mouth with arguments.” (Job 23; 2,3.) Then said the witness to him: “Let the wicked forsake his way and the unrighteous man his thoughts, and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon.” (Isaiah 55:6, 7.) “Hear, O man, and He will save you! The *law*, which is the *fire and strength* of Mount Sinai, is a ‘school-master to bring us unto Christ.’ ” (Gal.

3:24.) Come away, dying man, from the smoke and destruction of Mount Sinai, and hasten yonder to Mount ZION, for "there shall come out of Mount Zion a deliverer," (Rom. 11:26), for all in thy fix, calling loud to them as they approach, saying, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden. and I will give you rest." (Matt. 11:28.)

So the Witness took him by the hand and led him, and as they drew near he said to the man, behold now "Ye have come unto Mt. Zion, unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels, to the general assembly, and church of the first born which are written in heaven, and to God the Judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect, and to Jesus the mediator of the new covenant, and to the blood of sprinkling that speaketh better things than that of Abel," (Heb. 11:22 to 24). Now as he got away from Mt. Sinai and drew near to Mt. Zion, his fires went out, and, furthermore, as he looked upon Mt. Zion and saw what a glorified host were thereon, even the Heavenly City, just men made perfect, angels, God and Jesus, the mediator, who stood foremost to welcome him, the man shouted with the shouting host, and praised God with all his

soul. So of all those who take their stand on Mt. Zion. Behold, the Witnesses did wend their way till through toils, opposition and dangers, they had reached the high courts of many nations, for they were scattered abroad and went everywhere preaching the gospel of the kingdom of God; some, however, of faithfulness fell by the way, and were gathered of the angels home to their sweet rest, from on high to look down and watch with joy the hosts of harvest gatherers, as from every clime, and tongue, island and continent, they reaped the harvest of nations to glory and to God.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN.

Now it came to pass as they on a certain route reached the great metropolis of one of the mighty tributaries to Great Nation Depravity, called the City of Indifference, King Heedless, its ruler, had a dream. He had a very *sorry* subject in his kingdom that slept with swine, caring for neither dirt nor lice; filling his belly upon the husks they refused to eat. Though some incensed lords caught him and beat him, hoping thereby to improve his ambition and to bring him up to the level of a human, yet he soon forgot their words, and returned by and by to his wanton ways. Rather than issue a call for his execution, the king sent for him, and, when there, made him an offer to a position of some honor, as well as having in it the staff of life; but he wandered back to his sty of indolence, and a living that costs no effort. Now the king was abashed to see the humiliation of his brother, and though it is out of the line of kings, who are, in the main, men of much moral weakness, short patience, long pride, and small charity; yet this king purposed in his

heart to right a wrong, not by killing a man, but by tenderly cultivating him, and thereby growing him into something good. Wishing to raise his brother to credit and honor, the king called for him again and washed him in his own fountain, clothed him from his own wardrobe, feeding him from his own table, and when he occupied the highest seats in his dominion he had the indolent pauper of yore arrayed, to sit by his side. Now it came to pass, when the king awoke to meditate on his dream, he said: "This dream was so much my inferior, as I awoke I rushed from my bed exclaiming: 'what! what!! what!!!' Yea, I was so annoyed with the baseness of my dream I prayed to dream no more whilst the world stood, hence for nights, refused to sleep for fear of dreams. For the thing dreamed was so low that even the blackguard and the vulgar would despise me. So I went about in much trouble, and did not sleep till finally surfeiting myself with over much sorrow. One day suddenly I fell asleep, sweet sleep, sweetest sleep that ever was, and for a day and night evidently I dreamed nothing. Nevertheless, before I awoke I had visions and dreamed the same thing over, with however, a very different bearing, insomuch, instead of having baseness to me, as afore, it was

to me fraught with imposing beneficence. I saw the KING, that sits above the skies and clouds, leave his royal highness, "taking upon him the form of a servant," (Phil. 2:7) and go so low on his stupendous mission of mercy as to be beneath all degradation and poverty; for he was cursed and despised by the basest of men. Yea, they cursed him and called him a "devil," "spit upon him," "stripped him" naked and tore his worn flesh with cruel irons, till he died (Mark 15:20, 32). Notwithstanding, he arose as from an infinite stoop, stretching forth his arms to save the same guilty wretches. Ah, he gathered his abusers in his merciful arms, took them to the best of heavens, and "made them kings and priests to God," (Rev. 5:9, 10) occupying His own throne, (Rev. 3:21) sharing of all his glory world without end." Here the king awoke, and calling on those of Little Nation Sanctified to interpret the dream, they assured him the dream was significant, and the interpretation thereof was good, but, amazing to behold. They said: "As thou didst, O, king, stoop to save thy fallen brother in thy midst, even *more*, had the PRINCE of Glory condescended to take merciful notice even of *kings*—the best and mightiest of earthly kings and potentates being infinitely below the

touch of his sceptre—he will wash and cleanse them in his own fountains, for it is the ‘Prince of the kings of the earth,’ that will ‘wash us from our sins in his own blood;’ or, as is affirmed in the triumph of mighty faith: ‘The blood of Christ’ (which makes his fountains indeed very costly, to get a substance strong enough to remove sins), yea, ‘the blood of Christ who, through the eternal Spirit, offered himself without spot to God, will purge your conscience from dead works to serve the living God.’ (Heb. 9:14). O king, in thy dream thou art invited of God to become His GUEST in the banqueting house of His only Son. Haste to come, O man, and wash thy robe in his blood and make it white (Rev. 7:14) like the saved that feast in glory.

“He has prepared a wedding garment that fits, come to the ‘Marriage Supper of the Lord’ (Rev. 19:8) (Matt. 22:2-13). Yes, the command of the king royal will be: ‘Take away the filthy garment from him,’ saying as he turns to thee: ‘Behold, I have caused thine iniquity to pass from thee, and I will clothe thee with change of raiment,’ (Zech. 3:4). So also will he feed them from his own table as it sayeth: ‘He shall gird himself and make thee to sit down to meat, and will come forth to serve thee,’ (Luke 12:37).

Since then he hath gone to the earth and proclaimed: 'I am the living bread which came down from heaven; if a man eat of this bread he shall live forever, and this bread I will give is my flesh, which I will give for the life of the world,' (John 6:51). O king, let us beseech thee not to disinherit it forever, simply because it is a dream; for in dreams men often lie at the gate of heaven, and oft in dreams also lie at the very gate of hell. Up and haste on with thy soul in the way wherein he hath shown thee to walk.' Here they cease to speak, and withdraw for prayers, till he declares himself a candidate for heaven, casting the world at his feet, and looking to the skies for a crown. The king was troubled much, of what he saw in sleep and heard when before the Apostles of truth. Sometimes he would choke his trouble with the cares of his kingdom; sometimes he would crowd it off of his mind by the many applauses of his lords and countrymen; at other times, he sought wines and feasts, but any or all of these failed to quench the fire that raged within; for the Holy Spirit that convicts the world of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment, (Jno. 16:8) had lain truth on the inward parts and began a work that no man, nor devils can undo. (Acts 2:37).

For weeks he went with a heavy heart, assaying to cast it off by fine sports, and extravagant pleasures; but no! the angel that pulled Lot and his wife out of doomed Sodom, taking them by the hand, (Gen. 19:16) had undertaken, by the command of the Captain of our Salvation, to pull the king out of the fire (Jude 1:23): plucking him as a brand from eternal burnings (Zech. 3:2). Finally, after warring long with his convictions, till his soul was plundered of every ease, one night, when pondering the whole affair over in his mind, he fell in a kind of trance and thought he saw an angel standing by him, who opened a book in his *heart* throwing light upon its pages; and, as he turned leaf after leaf, he bade the King turn his eyes within his innermost soul, and read the true record of his life as it lay upon the Book before God, which should open against him in the Day of Judgment (Rev. 20:12). “Yea,” said the King, “he made it light in my inner heart as any kind of day, turning leaf after leaf, leaf after leaf of the book in my heart that contained my life, till I was overwhelmed with what I had to meet in Judgment Day.” Finally his troubles became so great he left his throne, and went in search of the Witnesses, confessing all the matter, praying for light and help. They told him

they understood the case, and could lead him to the seat of relief. Humiliated with the thought, for days he refused, but heavier and heavier upon his aching heart pressed the UNSEEN HAND of the Prince of Peace, till he fully consented to take them by the hand, and follow them in search of ease; for his trouble of soul was sore above measure; but when he saw a despised beggar led by some of them, also troubled by the same disease, known by the name of HEART-STROKE, he demanded of the Witnesses that they should send the beggar back, or he could not go.

They assured him that in Christ there was neither "circumcision nor uncircumcision, Barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free: but Christ *is* all, and in all" (Col. 3:11) and that he himself would have to go as a *beggar*, "meek and lowly," consenting to the yoke of instructions (Matt. 11:28-30), or he could never obtain relief. Then said the King: "It is death with my poor soul, and I am forced away under this awful HEART-STROKE, and that right early, ere yet I sink and cease to breathe." So the King went with the Missionaries, and also the poor beggar who was groaning with troublous times on him. But in the midst of the King's bewilderments, he forgot his purse, and privately sent his servant back, telling him

also to bring his Scepter and also his Crown. So as the servant came back well nigh faint for breath, so fleet had been his motions, he came up and cast all at the feet of the King. "Hey day," cried the Witnesses, "What meaneth all this carnal ado?" The King answered: "This in part, or all, if necessary, is to purchase deliverance from my troubles." "Ah," said the gentle Samaritan, "All who offer the Master at the gate a price, will be sent back as being under the curse of ignorance.

"You must lie at Mercy's gate, like Lazarus lay at the rich man's gate; so if the keeper espy these things, his ears will forever turn from thee." Hence, the king sent them back, and also sent for his wife and children to come, and, if possible, comfort his heart, for it was breaking inside of him. So, when they overtook him, and began to comfort him, he said he grew worse the more he relied on this sort of comfort. Then said the Apostles of truth: "We must, in search of this higher comfort, forsake houses, brethren, sisters, father, mother, wife, children and lands." (Matt. 19: 29.) So he sent them back, and went away further on his journey. But, one night, whilst in company, the king was rolling in troubles, and groaning for long-sought relief, when a bray of

alarm and attention fell on them from some one without ; for lo ! a swift messenger from his court came, in double haste, to entreat the king to *return* to his *throne*, saying: “All men call for thee to return, and sit in dominion and power.” “Ah,” said the king, “now I will surely rise up, and whistle all these troubles down the winds, and go, with light step, back to my throne.” But every time he looked back, new pangs smote him and smote him, till he finally hastened the evil council out of his eyes, for thus it is when God leads a soul from danger and death, to life and peace ; He causes everything to rise up and push him forward, till he mounts above all clamorous hinderance Now, as they advanced forward, they reached a gate called TEST GATE, inasmuch as all souls, not sincere in the work of repentance and sorrow for sin, were allowed to go no further, but denounced as liars and hypocrites and sent back. The keeper at the gate asked the beggar, if, in going through this narrow pass, just wide enough for a man, without any cumbrance, except what was in him, if he was willing never to go back to anything left behind. “Yes,” said the beggar, “I am very willing, if allowed to pass through this gate in search of a cure for this awful HEART STROKE of a disease never to go back,

for there is nothing I can go back to, but the same things I am fleeing from, which I loath and abhor, seeing they have set my soul in this rack of distress." "Then," said the Porter, as he swung the gate open, disclosing a cluster of swords, flashing and pointing to the beggar's guilty heart, "Come in, and stand till we lock the gate in the rear." So, when the gate in the rear was finally locked, pushing the beggar close on to the flashing swords in front, the Porter shook the great case that made a thousand glistening blades of vengeful steel rattle and motion forward toward the life of the beggar, as he said: "These daggers represent eternal Justice, bespeaking the fact that condemnation and perpetual banishment is the just portion of all sinners; so if they smite you, it is hopeless death. Do you, now and here, realize it would be just, if, instead of showing mercy, God would slay thee for thy guilt and transgression?" "O Lord, thy will be done," said the beggar, as he fell upon his face, and gushed a flow of tears. Then, I saw the break of swords raise up, but could not see the hand that moved them. So the keeper said: "O man, pass on to the next gate, for thou art truly in earnest in all this grave matter." So he walked on, passing out, where he waited for the full company

of Witnesses to lead him yet along the way. Then the keeper asked the King, if, entering this gate, he could consent never to go back again for anything left behind. Here the King faltered, for he hoped to go back as soon as he got relief of his excruciating Heart-Stroke, and again enjoy the world and his throne. After he had wallowed here for a day and night to get the full consent of his mind to forsake all for the kingdom of heaven, even giving up his kingdom for the kingdom of righteousness, and inasmuch as his old trouble at heart got worse, instead of better, he rose to make an answer to the gate-keeper: "I am carrying living death in my soul, and living a dying life as I am; and if I can get relief from all this misery and distress, I will never call at this gate to go back for anything I have left behind."

So the gate opened, and he, like the poor beggar, stood between the gate closed and well barred whilst the great break of swords, trembled in his face. Then the Porter spake, as follows: "O King, these daggers are emblems of Holy Justice that may yet slay thee if thou shalt refuse to submit and believe; now if Jehovah were to cast thee off for thy sins and guilt, couldst thou see it utterly right?" Here the poor King groaned and fell backwards and said: "Teach me how not to in-

sult God, but be meek like the beggar before me." "Oh," said the Missionaries, "Christ suffered, the Just for the unjust." (Rom. 3:26). Then said the King: "I will trust him though he slay me." (Job 13:15). So the swords removed and again I saw the beggar and the King side by side though not yet relieved. So they moved right up to a gate called MERCY gate, and going up with the Witnesses they both knock at once. "Aha," answered the Porter within, "who comes there?" The *King* cried: "A King and a friendly beggar." Whereat, the Usher responded from within: "No one but *beggars* are allowed to enter this gate." Whereupon the King fell to his face as if he would die. The beggar continued knocking till the keeper again called: "Who's there?" The beggar answered; "A poor vile wretch, seeking mercy, having no merit of his own, and nothing but prayers to get the favor of another." Then opened the gate to him as he went in and saw in front a great *river*, and a shouting multitude on the other side. Then said the Porter: "Canst thou swim, crossing this mighty river, landing at the foot of the CROSS, standing in the water's edge on the opposite shore?" "Yes," said the beggar, "I can swim in all cases *but this*; my heart is so heavy, and my

arms so exceedingly weak, I can not swim to-day, nor ever afterward, such a river as this. But the Porter responded: "See the gate is closed and thou art fenced in on all sides simply left standing on a sterile rock. Hence, it is swim or die as thou art; die on these thirsty sands, or die in this river." Then said the beggar: "I will go down coastwise a little, and put my feet in the water at a venture." So he did, and a thrill came over him, so he went deeper and deeper, getting as it seemed lighter and lighter, till he wished to push his bosom against the mighty river. So he heaved forward, and felt the cross on the opposite shore attract him more and more; till he found swimming most delightful indeed. As he swam gallantly over, soon he missed his burden, and he knew not what of it at all; his aching heart got well; his conscience grew at ease, and ever and anon as he swam, he would rise upon the buoyant wave, and clap his hands whilst the joyous throng cheered him from the opposite shore. So he got over, and went up to and kissed the "cross," and was borne by the rapt assembly in shouts of triumph into the golden city.

Now by this time *the king* had come to, and was the picture of utter wretchedness. So he

again knocked at Mercy's gate, as the cheerful Porter cried: "Aha, and who now at my gate?" Then the King cried: "A king in *crimes* and deeds, but a beggar for saving mercies;" for by this time the Witnesses had taught him more of the way. Then the gate opened wide and he stood upon the brink of the vast river. Said the Porter: "This is the River of Life, and yonder on its opposite shore is the "cross" of God's dear SON, standing as it does in the waters, to give to them *vital properties*, so no one can die in these waters of life." Then said the Angel of the gate to the King. "Canst thou swim?" "No," said the King, and here again fear smote him till sick and ghastly pale. Then said the Witnesses: "Be not faithless, but believing, for all things are possible to those who believe." (Mark 9:23). At this he took courage, for all along his journey he had found the words of the *Apostles* of truth to strengthen him very much (2 Tim. 3:16,17). Then they gently led him to the edge of the water, for by this time he could scarcely walk any more; leading him in a little, when lo! they were so bracing as the River of Life (Rev. 22:1) he wished to go deeper, so he went to his knees; then he felt relieved, and went to his loins; then he was most anxious to push out upon all its

waves, and made one lunge forward, not to sink, but to swim on top of its waters. As he did so, they rolled in on its fires, that had so long burnt in his soul, and quenched them forever. So he saw his sins all washed out of his heart, and his conscience cleansed, whilst he went shouting over the sparkling River of Life. Then he raised a loud shout, and all the hosts came down to greet him, waving their joyous hands around the cross as it attracted him fast to the shore. Yea, the waters of the River of Life held him up so he could not sink, and if he swallowed or breathed them, they were helpful; till in every wise his deliverance was glorious and most complete.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN.

Now, it came to pass, as a group of Witnesses walked in another country, and in another direction, they discoursed by the way and were sad. One by the name of GREAT CARE thus broke the state of his mind to his fellow-laborers: "This day, and this month of days, have I carried myself in great faithfulness, both toward God and toward my fellow-mankind; and yet the vine I cultivate is rather withering than growing. In fact, instead of being teachers, they are 'babes and carnal, needing some one to teach them.' (Heb. 5: 12.) If I am allowed an expression of my own fancy, I will say, instead of being men and women in Christ Jesus (Eph. 4:13) (Cor. 14:20), they are as little infants, some of them fifty years old, sitting in the *side-pockets* of the church, their mother and nurse. Just to think, they cannot so much as walk; weak, helpless, and an expense all the days of their pilgrimage; yet the self same beings, in *carnal things* are not only men of stature, but some of them are GIANTS, ready to slay the lion, and dig up the very pillars of opposition,

carrying them afar, as did Samson the gates of Gaza. (Judges 16:3.) Pray, friend Patience, how is this; canst thou divine?" "Yes," said Patience, who had long been in the service, and fully observed the workings of all things as to the kingdom, "yes, those spiritual babes, yet giants carnal, have long starved the spirit, withholding from it the Word, which is meat, also love, faith and good works; all of which make the souls of men strong when used aright. Others developed their 'carnal' powers, by looking continually after the 'World;' loving the world and the things therein, of which we are forbidden by the Master. (I John 2:15.) Yea, they have famished their spiritual natures, and fed the carnal, whereas it is wise and good to feed the spirit well and starve the carnal; working the spiritual, and binding the carnal to inaction and to dwindling poverty. If saints feed upon CHRIST, as some do the *world*, ere this, they would have put mountains to flight,' (Matt. 17:20) resisting the devil in such masterly ways, as by this time would have almost broken his courage from further attempts." "O," said Much Trouble, "how provoking to have to do with such sloth!" "You do well," said Patience, "to discourage moral indolence on the one hand and carnal excess on the other; but we 'that are

strong ought to bear with the weak,' (Rom. 15:1) 'In meekness instructing those that oppose themselves, if God peradventure will give them repentance to the acknowledging of the truth; that they may recover themselves out of the snare of the devil, who are taken captive by him at his will.' (II Tim. 2:25, 26.) Moreover, we read as follows: 'Brethren, if any of you do err from the truth, and one convert him; Let him know that he which converteth a sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins.' (Jas. 5:19, 20.) The best of us are imperfect at best, and Christ is bearing our infirmities and sustaining our reproaches; so shall we bear one 'another's burden's, and so fulfill the law of Christ.' (Gal. 6:2.) True, it is an affliction on the faithful ones; Yet, 'our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding *and* eternal weight of glory.''' (II Cor. 4:17.) 'All good and comforting,' said MUCH TROUBLE, "But if the righteous are *scarcely* saved—that word *scarcely* catches me as a bramble—and I do believe there are many in the churches that will never get nigher heaven than the crowns of their hats are this day. Don't you believe it, friend Patience?" "Yes," said Patience, "I have, for a whole time,

been awfully impressed, many are in the *churches* and NOT in Christ; and having not the love of God in them, will appear in that day 'without the wedding garment on,' to be bound, 'hand and foot' and 'cast into outer darkness; (Matt. 22:13), there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth.' Many that are here, simply Christians in *name*, and not in fact, will say in that day: 'Lord, Lord, open unto us,' only to receive the answer from within: 'Depart from me; I never knew you.' (Luke 13:25.) "But," said Much Trouble, "why not rid the church of such weight at once, and be relieved of them?" "True," said Patience, "'I would those who trouble you were cast off,' (Gal. 5:12) and 'delivered to Satan,' as was *Hymeneus and Alexander*, that 'they may learn not to blaspheme.' (I Tim. 1:20.) Yet, in many cases, we have to let the 'tares and wheat grow together' (Matt. 13:30), for it seems impossible to keep the church altogether pure, do as best you can. Let us do that and be content, knowing it is all the Master requires of us; for when we have done our duty with the foul of earth, it pleases Him as well as if we were commissioned in charge to serenade the stars by night.'" Then did a saintly old father, by the name of TALK SMOOTH, approach Much Trouble, and pick-

ing a certain tract out from the midst of a bundle gave it to him, and, smilingly, told him to read it at his leisure, for it would fatten his soul, and act as healing oil under the chafing yoke.

So they walked along slowly, making no use of the mouth for a good spell, till at length Patience saw Much-Trouble was to his pamphlet, as a beggar to his feast; for as he read he became utterly absorbed, so at times to clerk with an "amen"; and at other times to laugh a laugh of joy. So Patience tripped around to his side, and said: "Good old chum, glad to see the fat of the heart is the oil of the countenance; pray, what is it that spreads the laugh and makes you chuckle such fine notes of suppressed gladness? Let me hear you read; for thus giving it all to us, will not leave any the less for thee." "O, I read," said MUCH-TROUBLE, now out of all his troubles, as though he held them under a fair fall, "I read things that weigh me up light as a feather, that which I know will also sound in your head as clear as a silver horn; only listen: '*Rejoice* ye in that day, and leap for joy,' (Luke 6:23); '*Rejoice* because your names are written in heaven.' (Luke 10:20). 'He that soweth, and he that reapeth may *rejoice* together,' (John 4:36). 'Your sorrows shall be turned into *joy*.'

(John 16:20). 'But I will see you again, and your heart shall *rejoice*; and your *joy* no man taketh from you.' (22). 'And *rejoice* in the hope of the glory of God.' (Rev. 5:4) '*Rejoice* ye Gentiles with his people.' (Rev. 15:10) 'Christ is preached and therein I do *rejoice*. Yea, I will *rejoice*.' (Phil. 1:18); 'Holding forth the word of life, that I may *rejoice* in the day of Christ, that I have not run in vain neither labored in vain; Yea, and if I be offered upon the sacrifice and service of your faith, I *joy* and *rejoice* with you all; for the same cause also ye *joy* and *rejoice* with me.' (Phil. 2:16,17). 'We are the circumcision that worship God in Spirit and *rejoice* in Jesus Christ.' (Phil. 3:3). 'Whereof I Paul am made a minister who now *rejoice* in my sufferings for you.' (Col. 1:23,24). '*Rejoice* ever more.' (1 Thess. 5:16). 'Let the brother of low degree *rejoice* in that he is exalted.' (Jas. 1:9). 'Who are kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation ready to be revealed in the last day, wherein ye greatly *rejoice*.' (Pet. 1:5,6). 'Whom having not seen ye love; in whom, though now ye see him not, yet believing, ye *rejoice* with *joy unspeakable and full of glory*.' (1 Pet. 8). 'Beloved, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial that is to try you, as though

some strange thing happened unto you: but *rejoice*, inasmuch as ye are partakers of Christ's sufferings, that, when his glory shall be revealed ye may be glad also with EXCEEDING JOY.' (1 Pet. 4:12,13) 'As sorrowful, yet ALWAYS *rejoicing*.' (2 Cor. 6:10). '*Rejoice* in the Lord always, and again I say *rejoice*.''' (Phil. 4:4.). Here I beheld the whole crowd had drawn closer and closer as he read, for Much-Trouble read and laughed, and then read and cried; for they all laughed for joy as he read this mighty list of praises and the ROLL OF REJOICINGS. "Why," said Much-Trouble, "the whole Bible seems now to be a laugh of joy from beginning to the end; sorrows smile; the *kingdom of God is joy*; the saint is the happiest being on earth." So they went on very joyously together, and felt it was better to be a missionary, than to be a king upon his throne; for the Kings upon their thrones are often as full of troubles as dogs are of ticks, whilst their heads upon pillows cased in golden webs, nevertheless throb and burn of care like a boil ready to be delivered of its painful charge.

Then the Witnesses came up with a man that was, and had been for years, laboring with a trouble called Soul-Hunger. The good missionaries asked him how long a time had he been suf-

fering in this way ; and he informed them, for many years had he felt the gnawings and cravings of his soul to no little annoyance. Said he : “ I have fed it praise ; I have fed it fame ; I have fed it gold ; I have fed it carnal ease ; I have fed it palatable doctrines ; I have fed it hush-conscience, and yet, for all that my soul grew lean, more and more. Then I fed it science, poetry, literature, art, painting and music ; and still it seemed my soul would die of hunger.” “ What did you do then ? ” inquired the Witnesses, to which the man answered : “ I grew discouraged, and began new remedies, and a reversed treatment ; so I fed it a something called lies, errors, and sophisms.” “ Ah,” said the Apostles of truth, “ and what was the effect of all that ? ” “ Bad enough,” said the man of inward dyspepsia, “ it made my soul sick ; and instead of feeding more, I at once went on the doctors, and began lotions, and potions, ointments, blisters, emetics, and many compounds, such as smother-down, stun-sense, kill-trouble, sleep-sweet, stop-thought, never-mind ; and a great deal of such things as change-about, laugh-it-off, quit-the-dream, &c ; but all to no avail.” “ Well,” said the Missionaries, “ what are you now doing ? ” “ I” said the man, “ am again feeding it a sort of food

and medicine combined. It is made of such ingredients as go-slow, do-religion, law-righteousness, self-merit, &c.” “How does that affect you?” inquired the men of *true cure*. “O,” said the man of soul-sick hunger; “it may soothe me a little, for aught I can tell, and at times it seems to strengthen me some; yet, after all, it gathers in me a water brash, and an awful going through my bowels, till I am in fearful prostration at times, so much so, I even despair of anything curing me; notwithstanding, my doctors tell me I am *better*, and almost well.” Then, said the good Samaritans, “O man immortal, your soul is sick, and dying for want of the ‘Bread of life;’ if you will ‘eat of the flesh of Christ,’ and ‘drink of his blood’ (John 6:53,54), your sickness will at once dissipate, and your soul grow full and strong; whilst great peace will also come upon you.” (John 14:27.) “O,” said the man, with a soul sore and long distressed, “Give me of this bread and drink; for, it is die, as I am, because I now see I have long eaten of the bread of lies, till my soul is full of such as devour me.” “Let us read to you,” said the Ministers of truth, “for the Bread of God is He that cometh down from heaven and giveth life to the world.” (John 6:33

“Then,” said the man, looking up to heaven, “Lord, ever more give us this Bread.” (John 6 : 34.) So they read again to the man : “Jesus said unto them, I am the bread of life : he that cometh to me shall never hunger ; and he that believeth on me shall never thirst.” (John 6 : 35.) Then did the man tear loose from all others, doctors and all other cures, so left his old wallowing grounds and at once went with the ministers of truth ; and, as they read to him much out of the book, he cast himself on the ground and said : “God be merciful to me a sinner.” (Luke 18 : 13.) Whilst thus he prayed, the Angel of God stripped him of all his rags of filth, plundering his soul of all its deeds of self-good, casting overboard its lies, errors, ignorance, conceit and sins ; till the Spirit of God shed therein holy and revealed love. (Rom. 5 : 5.) “Putting truth in the inward parts ;” (Ps. 51 : 65 ;) “Clothed him with the garments and covered him with the robes of righteousness.” (Isa. 61 : 10.) Then he arose to a shout of praise, for he was sound and well, perfectly happy, and perfectly at peace with heaven and earth.

Now it came to pass, as I looked abroad over Zion’s fields to see the prosperity, or ill fate of her sons, I beheld, up and out by times, a com-

pany of holy Samaritans watching for the souls of such as may have fallen a prey to temptations. They were walking about in the lawns of Enticement Valley, called by some, "Valley of Sweetmeats," though properly, one of bewitching Deception.

King Carnal held sway here, though not of right, because he is a *captured* host, the same referred to when Paul said: "I keep my body under and bring it into *subjection* (1 Cor. 9:27);" and for this reason, saints dealt with him very plainly, allowing him no kingly honors. So I beheld these Witnesses for truth about to be overtaken by one by the name of ST.CHANGE-ABOUT, in confused search for Mt. Happiness, whose sight he had utterly lost, but which, he insisted to all the inhabitants of the valley, he had once seen to his greatest comfort. But now he had struck a place in Enticement Valley by the name of Difficult Pass, being worried almost to death to get out of it, though a most beautiful place: yet in it, men's souls would often die of starvation. It was on Mt. Prospect, this saint had his first sight of Mt. Happiness, which he kept in view for many days, constantly, after his mysterious conversion to God. He said: "Its sight kept me happy continually, day and night, though wind-

ing over the crooked and rough ridge way, that led from Mount to Mount; for there was not a step on all that rough ridge from which I could not see Mt. Happiness at a moment's glance of the eye, ever bewitched of its sight."

Said he furthermore, "Even by night its summit casts off a sort of night light, so as to be seen, in fact, more glorious by night than by day."

"And," continued he, "Ridge-Way, the name of the road from Prospect to Happiness, even at midnight, rested under a sort of charming glow light that never, *never*, left me in darkness; till the fascinating charms of that lone, high up, out of the world, sort of Ridge-Way, was at all times, of more actual interest to Pilgrims than anything found in the velvet landscapes of Deception Valley below, and lying off to the left just a few miles." All this he said to such as lived in Delusion's realm. But as he had just uttered this saying, and then paused with a sigh of sadness, up came the Messengers of Mercy and recognizing him, said: "Good morning, friend Saint, how goes it with thy soul to-day?"

"O," said he, "since I saw you and received of you the Truth, I spent many days and months on Mt. Prospect, going, it is true, a rough route much of the time, but at all times mysteriously

happy, being continually in clear open view of Mt. Happiness.”

“But,” continued troubled Saint, “since you left me, I also in course of time, met one Fluent-Gab, as I strolled down the green valley that stretched its way clear up to the line of my march, who told me the way I was traveling was rough, round about, desolate, and out of the world; and that ahead of me were yet many ‘grunt-holes’ through which I would barely squeeze after long fastings and prayers and other drop-flesh processes, doctored on me by the heartless conductors on that hill route to glory; and so succeeded in getting me to try this valley way, assuring me it was far better, and yet reached the same end.

“So I followed Fluent-Gab who was in company with one Fair-Ado, though these *names smelt badly*; at the same time there being a some thing *within me* that pulled me back so hard I could hardly go at all that way.

“And,” continued Saint, “this I did for many days, much delighted at first, and on, till we had passed all sweet meats, reaching, by and by, cross-roads in miserable abundance and bitter waters without end.”

“Ah,” said the good Samaritans, “We are

seven times glad to see thee, O Saint, and to find thee so freely sowing the tears of repentance, for this cheers us to believe we may yet restore thy loss, so artfully practiced upon thee by lies painted with a kind of gloss that makes them look like truth."

"Come now," continued the Witnesses, "it is no child's play to undo this folly, for by much anxious ado thy feet will yet take hold on the good old way." "O Saint, let us know of thee a matter or two; art thou happy *here*; and wast thou ever out of sight of Mt. Happiness when up *yonder*?" "No," responded Saint, "no, no, the outside here may seem to be happy, but the inside is a fire of miseries, and I stand here quivering and weeping, longing once more for the sight of that sacred old Mt. Happiness, never yet seen by anyone from this low valley; though old King Carnal told me as I entered here, all his subjects were fully joyous, having the whole store of this rich realm to their immediate and constant disposal.

"But matters grew worse and worse, till in the end, seeing I loved not their ways, they both forsook me, and then I got not the cold comfort of even a sorry lie, to help me on my way of trouble and gloom!"

“Then, said the good Samaritans, “We will help you all we can, but you must engage not to talk with Fluent-Gab ever again; and at the same time you must rise and throw off the sway of King Carnal, and treat him as a *vile usurper* in direct treason to all authority that is above both him and us. As it stands, you are his slave, but your liberties are already *bought*, if only you can now assume courage and forever accept them.” “So,” continued they, cheering up good Saint, “Let us admonish you to take unto you the whole armor of God that you may be able to stand in the EVIL day.” (Eph. 6:13.) Here they all knelt in prayer, and Saint wept much at the sight of his folly.

Then they sustained a forward motion for some days, crossing all roads, reversing all routes, disregarding all sign boards; all the while girding up their loins for a combat with that inimitable old tyrant, King Carnal, till suddenly, one day just at sunset, they came upon him banqueting in his ease, near one of the gates that leads out of his dominion. So he fell to enticing them to remain in his province, at least in the lawns and gardens thereof, seeing they had beaten back from its wilderness hardships. But the good Samaritans spake to him in bold terms, and with the au-

thority of their heavenly King, bound him to recognize their liberty as of old. Then came forth Saint Change-About—who is now no more Change-About, but Saint Soul-Royal, evermore—and bravely confronted this arch usurper over the souls of Christ's freemen, saying: "Sir, you have beguiled me of old, causing me much shame and grief; but here, the matter must certainly end, for I have cast my mind on the side of right, till I am powerfully persuaded to resist you sharply and in sore earnest, if needs be, and thus return to the way I forsook for this flaming deception of thine" Then said King Carnal: "Come, good Saint, be not so rash as to rob your belly of sweetmeats, cooling drinks and luscious rest, and all that just to suit a gorgeous whim! Why, sir, be in rash haste to leave these lawns of delight at once, to climb the rough and rugged steeps that rise with harsh aspect, the moment you pass out of my inviting gates?" Then cried out SAINT: "O Deceiver, Carnal King, mock me not with silvery speech, which of other days led me far astray, for I have engaged with my soul to push through thy gates, and at once recover the lost way, which is only just a little above these cragged roughs, for *there* the sight of Mt. Happiness keeps me with light step, whilst

here the farther I press on, the heavier my feet hang to my weary bones.”

So, electrified with the thoughtful memory of former happiness, Holy Saint rose up to pass out, but King Carnal stepped forward, and, pushing him aback, said: “You will do well, being only a scrap of this boasting courage; yes, you will do well to remember you are on my premises, and covered by the shadow of your very honorable superiors; and, furthermore, if your vaunting impudence does not mind you to a better way, you are likely to get your feelings cracked a little.”

Now, Saint at once saw a conflict was a most righteous necessity, and for days, having wound himself up to the point of attack, all at once let fly a blow against a tender loin of old King Carnal, that made him snort outright; and before he could again set himself in the clear, Saint drove at him right over the eyes, filling his face with red confusion. This gave this valiant warrior such an advantage over this vile usurper of a king, he came at him another lunge, in which they both fell to the ground. But in this fall, this holy warrior fell to a better lot than his awful adversary, and so mashing his throat, got from him a lively promise to let him go on his way well to do once again.

So here CONQUERING SAINT raised a shout of victory, "having crucified the flesh with the lusts thereof," (Gal. 5:24) till he escaped the clutch of this old vulgar King Carnal, passing with ease up a hill in front, which Gab-Gab had named Hill Difficulty, for a blind and a terror, and so at once rose to the high way he had forsaken months before. O, but he did shout for joy! as Saint lifted up his eyes, and once again saw, in the clear, the lofty form of Mt. Happiness, the sight of which at once healed all his former griefs.

In my zeal for the Lord of hosts, I went, to and fro, with the laborers of his vineyard; and as I walked I beheld one by the name of SILLY SIMPLE, sitting upon Mt. Ignorance, steering at the clouds. (?)

As he would observe their direction, Silly Simple would raise a reed, held in his right hand, and conduct the clouds to the right or left, just as he found they would go with least trouble to him.

Aha! and what say you to all this fine ado? I will tell you: Silly Simple on Mt. Ignorance, steering the clouds, represents all those *ignorant* Saints, who are always talking about what they are doing to *help* the Lord. Such pious (?) ignorance never once catches the thought, "we love God *because he first* loved us;" nor the idea that, "by

the *grace of God* I am what I am." I have met with Bro. Silly Simple ten thousand times in the last twenty-five years.

He lives in all the towns; goes up and down all the roads; belongs to all the churches, and sits in all the courts of human praise that convene in the land.

He often tells us what great *assistance* he rendered the Lord in his own conversion; how he has *kept* himself straight through all these days; and, ever and anon, boasts aloud, by reporting at great length, how, when, and where, he got the Lord out of a *tight place*.

Whilst he sometimes wonders a little at the goodness of God, especially when he is a little "sorter" wondersome anyhow, yet his greatest and most lasting wonder, is this:—"What will the Lord do for help when I die?"

Of course the whole world is in deep solicitude to know who will steer the clouds, when Silly Simple shall come down from Mt. Ignorance and die in the valley below.

I saw also in my trance, that Little Nation Sanctified had a most fearful foe; and all humanity, a dreadful Enemy, in the person and conduct of a huge Giant that went about upon the earth with wasteful hand and devouring industry. Sa-

tan fed and employed him in his service as one that reaps and gathers abroad. He swung his scythe aloft and reaped forests, houses, men, estates, efforts, gold, talents and thrones; heaping and consuming to ashes as he went. In eager haste to devour land after land, and dominion after dominion, he stepped the rivers, leaped the mountains, waded seas, smote kings, making footballs of their crowns, whetting his scythe with their sceptres; and to make a full and thrifty demonstration of his power, he cast their thrones over his shoulder, laughing also, at the pomp of war that invaded him.

INTEMPERANCE was his name; and he cast his harvest into hell as he gathered it. As he advanced, he streamed a long roll of parchment, full of the names of *victims*, till I saw widows, orphans, friends, and many more, reading the roll, till they found the names of those once loved, but gone; so they wept much, as they read ruin's scroll. Fathers wept; friends wept; saints wept; the world wept; till they sent a gushing river of tears after the merciless Destroyer; for thousands and thousands stood all along the parchment roll, uniting all nations in one common brotherhood of sufferings.

Then my vision was blind for a little, and I

saw nothing more of the lamentable affair ; but presently my dream was re-instated, and lo ! I saw everything on a furious rampage after the merciless Giant, to avenge wrongs upon him that had flooded the earth with sorrow. Whole nations swept by me in storms of rage, to massacre him that had walked on down the ages in resistless power, scourging the earth with his venomous bite, and a sting, as the sting of a dragon ; that makes men rot whilst standing on their feet ; and bloat their souls with enormous damnation. Yea, men, women, children, beasts, fish, fowls, insects, winds and clouds ; all hand in hand, were in ravenous pursuit to destroy the relentless Destroyer. The wild boar stroke him through the ankle ; little ants bit him ; Lions compassed him ; the Unicorn ripped him open ; the Eagles went streaming through the air with his entrails ; Carrion Crows stood upon his head, pecking in his face ; keen blades in his back ; lances in his neck ; chains upon his ankles ; weights upon his wrists ; till everything proclaimed general armistice, among themselves, to make war upon him that had defeated, in single combat, Church, State, Men, Love, Arguments.

Now as he fell a prey to the *combined* stroke of all, everything, both great and small. hoisted

its banner and marched from the field in shouts of triumph, and a roar of applause echoing from sky to sky.

Again I turned me about, and walked through-out harvest fields in other parts, and in another direction; for by this time the laborers multiplied through all nations, till in these times they moved abreast the work to hand; mighty armies conquering, and to conquer. Mt. REFLECTION stood over by the way till men that passed that way, got such a look at themselves, and such a heart-searching view withal, they never could rest more till they came on to Mt. SUBSTITUTION, having on its brow a great City called the City of Exchange. All the hosts of the Gospel of God dwelt therein ever since the Resurrection of the Prince of Life. They were prepared for all sorts of work, till no job was too hard for them to accomplish and that with marvelous speed. The "Balm of Gilead" and the "Physician of souls" were there. The Gospel announced their continual presence, and sent forth free offers to serve all that would call at Mt. Substitution, and pass into the city of Exchange for whatsoever they needed.

Now this Mt. Reflection is a LOOKING-GLASS made for *sinners*. When one comes square to its

face, he, for the first time in this world, sees his soul; and it is as black as the Devil. Yes, this first sight the sinner has of himself, is always alarming, and never yet failed to affright his soul till he wakes up as never in life before. His sins are a million more than he thought, and any one of them is big enough to damn a world. So powerful is this great "*Mirror*" of God, it at once becomes a "discerner of the *thoughts* and *intents* of the HEART," (Heb. 4:12). It never tells a lie, nor leaves a lie lurking in the soul unexposed; for all who ever actually stood before Mt. Reflection, one minute of time, fell down at the base thereof and thought they were rolling off into the very lap of Hell. The word *Mercy* never meant anything till Mt. Reflection convicts the sons of Great Nation Depravity. They are no better than devils; and if they slight the pardon offered them now by Immanuel, they will be worse, both in their sin and in their punishment.

Lo! while thus meditating upon this wonderful affair, a great Sinner passed before this Mirror Mount, till his soul was naked before his eyes and his God; so as to make him weep aloud as he ran after the Prophets of Little Nation Sanctified, to see if they knew of a cure for the curse that suddenly fell on his sins. They turned to

their book of Soul-Cures and read to him: "Cursed is every one that hangeth on a tree." (Gal. 3:13), which means, Immanuel was made a "curse in the sinner's stead." Said they to the sinner *convicted* of his sins: "Come at once to yon Mount that rises over against Mt. Reflection, which is called Mt. Substitution. All that Mt. Reflection demands of your soul is paid over there, freely and most fully." So away he went to cure his soul of the sting of sin; for here they swapped off their old eyes for new ones, old ways for new ones, old lives for new ones, old hates for new ones, old pleasures for new ones, old thoughts for new ones, and old *hearts* for new ones; the Angel in charge "taking away the stony heart and giving in turn a heart of flesh;" (Ezek. 11:19) till "old things passed away and behold all things had become new." (2 Cor., 5: 17). Now I beheld these old eyes, old hearts and old sins, as they were cast out, went rolling, rolling, rolling down to the base of the Mount, and there fell into a Sea called OBLIVION, the burying place for sins and the former life; where God "*remembered them no more* forever." (Rev. 8:12). Last of all, I beheld many, many cities given wholly to the worship of God, sounding praises in the Temple, both night and day; and

along all the streets; the kings themselves offering prayer in all their courts, and sending presents to such as were poor. Neither could I find blasphemy on the lips of men, nor yet a trial at court; for jails and penitentiaries were converted into hospitals of mercy, and made channels to help the needy; for all had a presentiment, time was close to an end, and eternity stood at the door. Moreover, the clouds of heaven now watered all the deserts of earth, till the whole earth groaned beneath the heavy press of a spontaneous yield; even the snows around the poles, since the day the earth was inclosed in the distress for Adam's sin, now washed away under genial suns to make room for perpetual spring, and the hum of such as sing from every land and in every tongue. Neither was the voice of war any more a sound among sounds; for the arts of peace had removed the ways of destruction; till prayer and praise rose off of every hill-top, echoing the length of every valley; for a stately Angel had "Chained the old Dragon" to the Bottomless Pit, (Rev. 20:1-4), calling on the worlds on high to shout! Peace, thus restored to earth, now stayed with the repose of heaven. Furthermore, it was often fancied in these days, there was a restlessness among the graves as when

a child is to be born ; eggs to cast their young ; worms, bugs and flies to pip their web. Yea, many persons would sing around the graves of the saints, as when we watch our doors, expecting to see a long absent friend enter to greet us, with high joy.

And now no man feared death, feeling to enter the grave is but to tarry through the night. I beheld, there was much running to and fro through the neighborhood, and general rejoicing was there ; for the same declared they heard shouts in the dream of night, and a rapturous laugh just below the surface. So the very tombstones did clap their hands, as the inhabitants beneath, like the infant John in the womb of his mother, did leap for joy. (Luke 1:41). Yes, they joyously await the peals from on high, that would blast the seals of death, and let them at once step out upon the streets of Heaven. Then fell a pall of deep silence over all the earth and nature held her breath, till a blast of Gabriel's trumpet (1 Thess. 4:15-18) bugled the knell of Time across the sky, and the Judgment of Almighty God ! Another blast ! and millions and millions flew from their graves "to meet their Lord in the air," and the worlds rolled in storms of commotion above my head, exploding

as with a great noise, (1 Pet.3:10-12) till lo! the roar and peal thereof *awoke me*, and it was a dream given me of things soon to follow. AMEN.

“Come Lord Jesus, come quickly.” AMEN.

THE END.



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